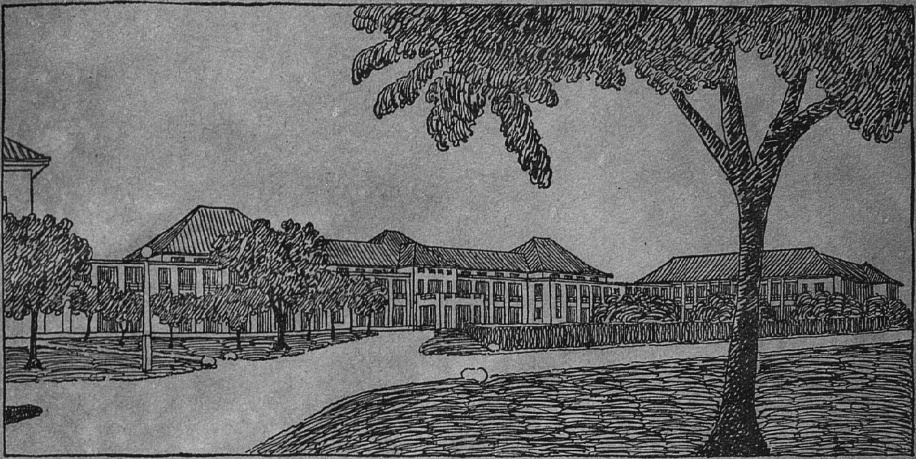
THE MADRAS



CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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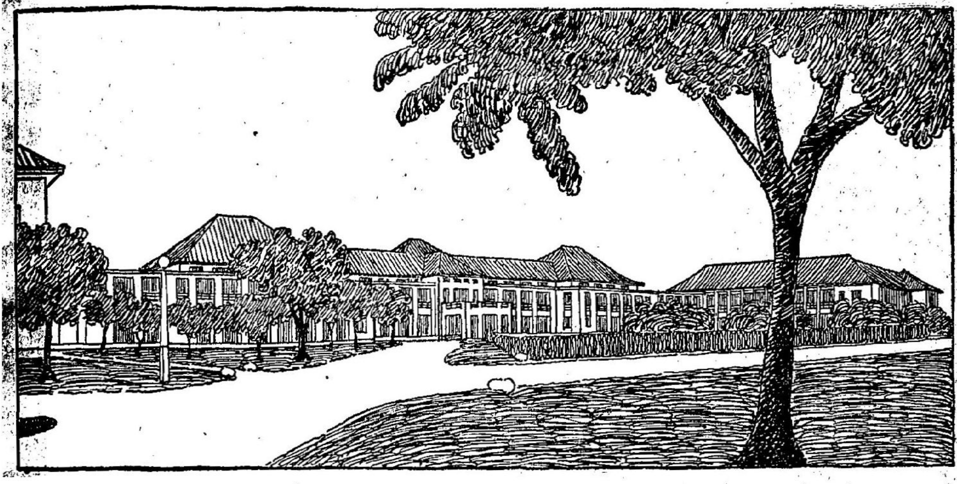

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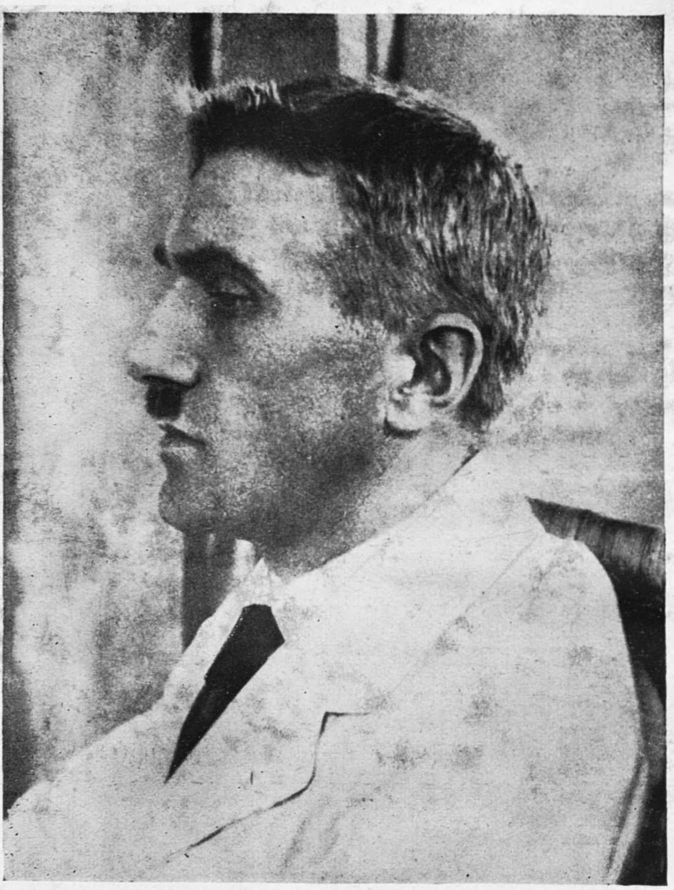


EDWARD BARNES
Professor of Chemistry, 1919-1941

THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1941

EDWARD BARNES

The news of Mr. Barnes's death at Yercaud on the 31st of May came with startling unexpectedness, for only a few knew that he was ill, and even those had seen him so recently in health and vigour, about his accustomed tasks in Tambaram, that it was difficult to realise he had been taken from amongst us. We extend to Mrs. Barnes our deep and sincere sympathy, and we hope she will be greatly comforted by the thought that, here in Tambaram, as well as all over South India, there are many who look with gratitude to Mr. Barnes as a friend and much-respected teacher.

Mr. Barnes joined the staff of the College as Professor of Chemistry in 1919, and his quiet influence soon made itself felt in various ways. Over the details of the administration of the Chemistry Department he exercised the closest personal supervision, and at the same time he was able to pass on to those in close contact with him, his own infectious enthusiasm for the subject. He had high educational ideals, was a great believer in quality rather than in quantity, and could never bring himself to accept the view that success in examinations was the one thing to be planned for and worked for. On the contrary, he always held that a student's education, if it was to be worth while, must develop in him qualities of self-reliance and independent judgment; and, with that in view, he made it his ideal to lead rather than to drive, to suggest rather than to instruct, and wherever possible, to let the student learn by making mistakes and discovering them for himself.

Not only Chemistry students, but Botany students also, were influenced by Mr. Barnes's enthusiasm for discovery. For the most part, it was while on furlough in England that he devoted himself to chemical researches; in India he gave most of his spare time to the study and collection of various growing things. Students who went with him on expeditions have testified with feeling to his knowledge, his enthusiasm, and, perhaps not least, his tireless energy, which sometimes put a severe strain on weaker brethren!

There are many other ways which might be mentioned in which Mr. Barnes rendered distinguished service to the College—he was, for example, Secretary of Senatus for many years and, for some time, President of the College Brotherhood—but there is no doubt that, after his work in the Chemistry Department, he will be chiefly remembered for the manner in which he planned and developed the trees and lawns and hedges in this Tambaram estate of which we are now justly proud. For ten years before

the College made its great migration, all sorts of preliminary planning was going on; buildings had to be designed, money had to be raised, new courses had to be planned, and a bewildering variety of new adjustments had to be contemplated; and in much of this preliminary planning Mr. Barnes took a not inconsiderable share. His own special task, however, presented itself when, in 1932, it became clear that some member of staff would have to live in Tambaram and supervise planting operations, if the estate was to be presentable when the time for removal came. Here if anywhere the man and the task were perfectly fitted to each other. Mr. Barnes threw himself into the work with energy and enthusiasm, travelling daily between Tambaram and Beach Station at a time when trains were both slower and less frequent than they are now, and he saw the splendid result of his labours when we settled down in Tambaram five years later. Mr. Schaetti, our architect, once said, 'I have tried to make a picture and Mr. Barnes has given it a beautiful frame.' In the four years since our settlement here, Mr. Barnes as Curator of the estate carried on his work, and was untiring in his efforts to ensure orderliness and unostentatious beauty.

Mr. Barnes's preference, as Curator, for the quieter kinds of beauty, was a true reflection of his own character. He abhorred ostentation and loved simplicity; he was quiet in manner almost to the point of austerity, and those who did not know him might sometimes have thought him distant and forbidding. A few moments' conversation, however, made it plain that what seemed severity was really shyness, and those who had the opportunity for close acquaintance over a long period experienced a kindness and faithfulness in his friendship which were all the more appreciated because they were so utterly unostentatious. There are many who could tell, and do tell, of quiet deeds of kindness, done spontaneously and with delicacy, and with no parade of righteousness.

Mr. Barnes has gone quietly from our midst. Those who knew and loved him most felt that any organised and public expression of grief would be inappropriate, because out of keeping with his own habits and desires. His memorial is the beauty that lies all around us, and the regard and affection in the hearts of many who loved his simplicity and experienced his quiet kindness.

A. J. Boyd

OUR FOUNDER*

By Rev. A. J. Boyd, *Principal*

Some schools and colleges have an annual celebration called Founders' Day, on which day they do honour to the memory of the men of former years who were their founders and pioneers. We have such a celebration—we call it Commemoration Day—but it comes much later in the year; and this morning I want to ask you to anticipate the proper date, to celebrate it in advance, by thinking with me of our Founder. When I speak of our Founder, I am not thinking of John Anderson, that devoted and determined man whose queer-looking portrait you can see on the wall of one of our rooms upstairs, and I am not thinking of William Miller, our second pioneer, whose statue welcomes us when we step into the main entrance-hall of the College. I am not thinking of them, but of one who was before them and was their leader. When Emerson, the great American writer, came on a visit to Scotland, he did some travelling with Carlyle as his guide, and, one day, we are told, Carlyle pointed to a little church on a hillside and said to Emerson, 'Is it not wonderful to think that Jesus Christ built that?' It was, and is, a wonderful thought that, in a lonely little village in a grey northern land, the building you see there reminding men of God's claims, and the little company who gather there week by week to worship God, are the work of one who lived 2000 years ago in the sunny eastern land of Palestine! Jesus Christ was their Founder. And it is no less wonderful that we, gathering here in Tambaram, in a land as far from Palestine as Scotland is, in a land where a Jew is a foreigner from afar as he is in Scotland, we also, as we look around our College and our Halls, may truly say—and indeed are bound to say,—'Jesus Christ built that'.

It is a matter of plain historical fact that Jesus Christ was our Founder. If Jesus had not lived and died and risen again in Palestine in those far-off times when the Emperor Tiberius reigned in Rome, there would be no Madras Christian College in Tambaram today. He is our ultimate Founder. But while, so far as history goes, that is the fact, it still of course remains to be considered whether the life and death and resurrection of our Founder is, or can be, of much practical importance to us today. A very large number of those who are present here are in no sense committed to Jesus Christ; to many, his name is the symbol of a religious tradition which is foreign and unfamiliar. And even those who are committed to Jesus, even those who have been baptised in his name, and brought up to worship and serve him, even professing Christians, must sometimes ask themselves, and do in fact often ask themselves, whether Jesus Christ, who lived and died and rose again 2000 years ago in Palestine, has any importance, any significance, for this

* An Address delivered at a College Service in Anderson Hall on August 11, 1941.

grim world in which we live. Is there any point of contact between what Jesus was and is, and those political and economic problems which are occupying the minds of the most thoughtful people in the world today? When we are wrestling with the problem of poverty, for example, looking for readjustments of our economic arrangements which will perhaps make great extremes of wealth and poverty no longer possible, and will in any case give a decent steady livelihood to the poor struggling men and women in the villages around us and the hundreds of thousands of similar villages all over India; when we are asking ourselves how the relations between races are to be readjusted so that all exploitation may cease and cooperation for mutual benefit take its place; when we are thinking of the relations between the various countries in the future, and looking for some way by which they may be enabled to live at peace with one another, as members of a free and ordered commonwealth:—when we are thus wrestling with the insistent problems of this complicated world, are we likely to gain much light from one who lived 2000 years ago, chiefly in an obscure corner of the Galilæan Highlands? And, even if we are chiefly concerned with much humbler questions than those, even if our chief engrossment is how to get a degree, how to get a job, how to keep our job when once we have got it, even in this smaller world of individual concerns, this world of examinations, applications, recommendation-letters, can we say that Jesus Christ has any obvious relevance?

I read somewhere the other day that in the course of an enquiry into the education of factory-workers in England about 100 years ago, a large number of workers were asked 'Who was Jesus Christ?', and all sorts of extraordinary answers were received. One man said he was Adam; another said he was an apostle; and one young lad of 16 said he was 'a king of London long ago'. I cannot help feeling that that is just about all some of us—Christians and non-Christians—know about Jesus Christ. We vaguely agree that he was somebody very important very long ago, but it was so long ago that it is hardly to be supposed he has any relevance to the problems of our present-day life. And there we leave the matter. Now may I suggest that since we are members of a College whose Founder is Jesus Christ, it is our duty—and our privilege—*not* to leave the matter there. To be a student of a Christian College commits nobody to any particular conclusion regarding the relevance and authority of Jesus, but it gives one the opportunity, and therefore surely the responsibility, of at any rate *considering* his significance. Indeed, that would be one way of defining what a Christian College is.—What is a Christian College? Not a college for Christians only! Not a college solely for the study of Christianity! Not a college in which convenient arrangements for Christian worship are made for Christian students—although that should of course be done. But a college in which everybody is given the opportunity, if he will, to consider the significance of Jesus Christ. I want to ask you, all of you, to accept that opportunity. Accept it as it comes to you in your Scripture classes, and from time to time in gatherings such as this, and all the time in your contact with those who can help you if you want to be helped. Accept the opportunity, which is also a responsibility, to consider carefully and reverently the significance of Jesus Christ our Founder.

If you are prepared to begin to consider that question, will you allow me to suggest to you the general lines along which your consideration must proceed? Anyone considering the significance of Jesus soon finds himself confronted by two alternatives. He has to conclude either that the life of Jesus and all that followed it, was a miraculous act of God, by which God revealed himself to men and forwarded his purposes for this world—either that, or else that Jesus himself and his earliest followers suffered from serious delusions! Don't take that on my authority, however; look into it for yourselves; make it one of the objects of your Scripture study. Some people talk and write as if Jesus made no great claims for himself, but had divine honours forced on him by the superstitious Church of later years. Well, try to consider the matter for yourselves, study the gospels, accept what guidance others offer you—but don't accept it blindly—and I shall be surprised if you do not find yourself sooner or later facing this dilemma, that either Jesus and his earliest followers were suffering from grievous and dangerous self-deceptions, or else the life of Jesus and all that followed it was a great divine act for the salvation of the world. Now suppose the latter alternative is true, suppose the truest account of Jesus' significance is the old one 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son', you will next have to ask yourselves what relevance that has to politics and economics and the various social problems we have to face, and you will have to ask also what relevance it has to promotions, and detentions, and degree-examinations, and job-hunting and all the small tasks of daily life. And may I once again suggest the lines along which you will have to proceed if you are to find a satisfactory answer. Jesus lived in a world which was in many ways different from ours. Some of the *political* problems were not dissimilar: in Palestine itself in Jesus' time we find a very familiar situation—the clash between imperialism and nationalism. But Jesus gives us very little direct guidance for our political conduct, and in other spheres of life the conditions were very different from ours. You will not find in the teaching of Jesus very much direct guidance for your behaviour in our complicated modern society. But, if it is fact and not fancy that Jesus revealed the nature of God and the will of God, and by his life and death set forward God's purposes for the world, surely that is all-important! Surely that fact must determine the manner in which we shall approach all our social problems and all our individual problems, and the manner in which we shall attempt to solve them, for it reminds us that men and women—we ourselves with our own small lives to live, and all the millions of men and women whom we have in mind, or ought to have in mind, when we speak of political, or economic, or social problems—it reminds us that men and women belong to God, and are being planned for by God, and that we can never serve them as we ought to serve them unless we remember, as the one most important fact about them, that they were made to be God's children.

Some of you who know a little about Karl Marx and his approach to social and economic problems will be thinking that this is very old-fashioned doctrine! 'Children of God!', you will be saying, 'that is the claptrap which has been used for centuries to make the poor man content with his poverty when he ought to have been fighting for economic power!' Well, it has to

be confessed that religious people have sometimes been inactive in face of social and economic wrongs, because they were so taken up with the importance of the world to come, the life after death, that they couldn't be got to take any interest in what was happening beneath their very noses. And that was an error. But if man really is made to be the child of God, if God has set eternity in his heart, made him but little lower than the angels, and crowned him with honour and glory, then it is an even more serious error to treat him as if he were nothing more than a unit in the economic struggle. Our political and social and economic problems *have* to be looked at in the light of what we know of God's nature and God's plans. And as for our individual problems, it is true that the knowledge of God will not directly help us to pass an examination or to get a job, but it can help us to work honestly, to accept failure and disappointment without bitterness if they come our way, and to resist the even more subtle dangers of too easy success.

If, then, it is fact and not fancy, that Jesus revealed God's nature and God's will, and by his life and death and resurrection set forward God's purposes for the world, that is a fact of overwhelming importance, whether we are thinking of the great problems of society or the little problems of our own little lives. It is supremely relevant. And I need hardly add that, if it is fact and not fancy, it has a very obvious relevance to those deeper needs of our nature which lie away behind degree-hunting and job-hunting, those deeper needs, those longings and aspirations and dissatisfactions and regrets which mark us out, in spite of all our faults and frailties, as the children of eternity, so made by God that we are restless till we find rest in Him. 'If it is fact and not fancy.' Your membership of this college commits you to no final choice between these two alternatives, but it does set the alternatives before you, and it provides you with the opportunity to face them. I ask you to accept that opportunity; I ask you, during your years—or during your remaining years—in college, to show respect to our Founder by facing his own great question, 'Who do you say that I am?'

HALL TEA

By L. M. Turner, *5 Hons., Br. vii.*

Now are the tables in the Quad all laid,
Right in the open, far from any shade
And dress'd in gladsome splendour, students stand
Expectant eyed, the hour is near at hand.
Yet are they tim'rous, swaying to and fro
Like billows on a beach, till one does show
The Principal his table: close behind
Like anxious tugs that do a great ship mind
Come Secretary, Warden and a shoal
Of Hall officials making for their goal.
Now is he safely dock'd and moving slow
In pomp professors to their places go.
Then 'gins the rush and swift from ev'ry side
Pour in the students like a thund'rous tide,
And schooner-like to gladden ev'ry eye
A fleet of lady students draw them nigh,
Swishing in saried splendour, proud they pass
As love-sick students watch with eyes of glass.
Now is the cargo brought and empty holds
Are fill'd—the melting ice-cream pat unfolds
Its sticky sweetness and the sweet-meats go
Full swiftly down, save some the students throw
In wanton riot, flashing through the air
And lighting sometimes on professors there.
At last, 'tis done; the cups of luke-warm tea
Are drain'd, with betel red all mouths now be,
And fortified the students face their fate
The dreary rounds of speeches that await!

DESPERATE CHOICE

By S. T. Appachana

It was the kite-flying season in the little town of Sasilapur. Kites, green, red and yellow and of every hue, careered about against a perfectly blue sky. Laughing, bright-eyed children stood at the end of each string. Little Suresh was on the terrace of his house excitedly tugging at the string of his kite—a red one. The little knot of children at his side screamed as another green one bore down upon his. A deft pull at the string and Suresh's kite had dived safely out of reach. It evoked a triumphant yell from his friends. Silvery laughter pealed forth from the garden opposite. Suresh paused and looked towards the garden, but saw nothing. It was not the first time he had heard that laugh and shrill cheer for him. It was getting hot and the boy commenced to roll up the string. The kite was fluttering near. Of a sudden it dived into the garden opposite and got entangled in the low-hanging branch of a mango tree. Again that burst of childish laughter. A slip of a girl appeared at the gate—a remarkably pretty creature. 'One minute', she said and darted in. She soon appeared with a stool and climbing on it unravelled the strand from the branch. The kite fluttered back to its owner.

Suresh was regarded as a bit of a hero, in the matter of kite-flying, among his friends. It hurt his dignity to think that a girl had helped him out. But it was very nice of her, he thought as he sat ruminating on the verandah of his house. He ought to show her how grateful he was. He remembered that some pomegranates had ripened in the garden. Plucking a ripe, red one he went across to the house opposite. The gate was barred and locked. Suresh never believed in gates. He scaled the wall and sat on the top of it. Peering through the foliage of mango and neem he saw the girl sitting on a stone and threading jasmines. He coughed. The girl looked up. 'Hullo, what do you want?' she asked perfectly self-possessed. Suresh suddenly felt very silly. He had never felt that before. He chewed a mango leaf and had a vague notion that he must leap down from the wall and run back home. 'Little boy, what do you want?' repeated the girl. Suresh was horrified. He had never before been treated with such scant respect. 'What are you doing with that fruit?' she queried. The question brought together the boy's scattered senses. 'I brought it for you' he stammered. 'My kite would have been torn if you had not taken care' he added more freely. She came up to him. 'Come down' she said. There was something compelling about her. He obeyed. Taking the fruit, she broke it into two and offered one half to Suresh. 'But I don't want it' he stammered. 'You must' she said imperiously. They ate together and by the time the last morsel was eaten Suresh and Prita—that was the girl's name—were firm friends.

The boy was ten years old and Prita thirteen. She was always conscious of her dignity as an older person and kept Suresh in discipline when he got too wild. But then, Suresh could do things which she could

not. He made a swing for her in the garden and brought her flowers and coloured shells. The swing was their favourite pastime and Prita made it more fascinating by her songs. Her silvery voice swelled in haunting melodies and made the wayfarers falter and look over the garden wall. Her favourite air was 'the cuckoo's song to the mango-blossom'. The lilt in it thrilled Suresh.

Prita was a motherless child. Her father was a rich jewel merchant. She had no brothers or sisters. She studied in a convent close by the house and played a lot with the children of the neighbourhood. Suresh was the boldest and cheeriest companion she had so far found. The old jeweller sometimes sat on the garden seat and when Prita got uproarious in her games said, 'It is time you learnt to behave like a woman, Prita. The neighbours are laughing at me for keeping you unmarried. I will find you a rich husband. He shall deck you in jewels from head to foot and smother you in silks.' The old man chuckled in smug satisfaction. Prita only blushed. She would then grow serious and tell Suresh, 'I love jasmines better than any jewels.' The incident was soon forgotten in their wild games.

One day Prita's garden was silent. Suresh's father was a government officer and he had been transferred to a distant town in a different district. Suresh choked when he broke the news to Prita and the girl ran inside to hide her sobs. . . . .

Eight years had fled by, when one day Suresh was jogging along in a slow passenger train. The train stopped at a way-side station and two people bustled into the compartment, an old man, the diamond rings on his fingers and his brocaded turban suggesting the utmost opulence, and a girl in the neighbourhood of twenty—a remarkably winsome creature. There was a scene between the old man and the porters during which the girl sat looking out of the window. Having finished with them he fussed about with the luggage and at length settled down to chew pan. The train moved on. It was hot and he was perspiring copiously. He was fat and his flabby flesh quivered and rippled with each movement he made as he wiped himself with a red kerchief. Opening a flask, he poured out some water into a glass and offered it to the girl. She looked round and shaking her head returned to the contemplation of the flying landscape. Something about the proud arch of those brows and the toss of her head struck Suresh as very familiar. Could it be Prita? But, who was that old man? He was now leaning back on a cushion and had fallen into a doze.

Suresh was intrigued. He whistled softly, 'the cuckoo's song to the mango-blossom'. The girl stiffened where she sat and looked round. She gazed intently at Suresh. A light of recognition sprang into her great dark eyes. She smiled. It died away as the old man stirred and woke from his doze. Suresh cast a questioning glance in his direction. The girl fretted with the corner of her sari and slowly tied it into a knot. Suresh understood. Prita's father had kept his promise. He had wedded her to a rich husband. Nothing broke the stillness except the cough of the engine. At the next station, Prita and her husband got out. As they went away, Prita turned as if to gather the end of her fluttering sari. A smile flickered on her face as she softly waved a farewell. . . .

Two years later, Suresh was paying a holiday visit to Mithilnagar. He was now an under-graduate. Football and hockey had made him a sturdy specimen of youth. He rode his cycle recklessly over the streets of the town. The people were not very appreciative of his daring. He came to grief as he careered through Moti bazaar, a busy street in that town, colliding against a burly villager carrying a bundle of sugar-cane. The man was not hurt, but he was bent on hurting Suresh for this indignity inflicted on him. Suresh became the centre of a rabble. Seeing that it was useless to explain himself, the youth tried to force his way out of the crowd. But, a smart rap caught him at the back of the head. The last thing he was conscious of, was a woman's voice raised in anger. Then everything went black before him and he subsided to the ground.

When Suresh came to, he was conscious of a subdued fragrance of lavender. He was lying on a divan and his head was swathed in a wet bandage. It was a richly furnished apartment. Divans were arranged all around. On a carpet in a corner, were arranged a 'sitar', 'tabla' and other musical instruments.

A curtain parted at the end of the room, and a woman entered. Suresh gasped. It was Prita. 'Don't gape at me like that; I am Prita all right' she said. She had a bottle in her hand and wetted the bandage on his head with some cooling lotion. Half lifting his shoulders she patted the cushions into position beneath his head. Spreading a carpet, she sat on the floor beside him.

'They have hit you hard, but there is not much damage done' she said. 'I did not know your husband was employed in this town' said Suresh. 'No, he is not employed here' she said. 'Where is he?' queried Suresh. 'Dead' she answered simply. A bumble-bee was blundering against the window-pane. Else the room was still. The boy's senses reeled. 'Your father, is he not here?' he stammered. 'He went before my husband. He died bankrupt, the house went to the creditors' she replied. Prita was biting her little finger. She did that in the old days when in distress.

Suresh sat up on the divan and looked straight into her face. 'Prita, what are you doing here' he asked sharply. Her face clouded for a moment. Something like anger glinted in her eyes. But it passed as quickly as it came. She went up to the corner where the musical instruments were arranged and from a little bag drew out a pair of dancing anklets. 'I sing and dance' she said holding them up before him. Suresh started. 'Sing and dance' he repeated after her. He was feeling dazed. After some moments he braced himself. 'Why did you not stay in your husband's home?' he asked. She shook her head. 'I tried to, but they wanted me to shave my head, wear a red rag and keep out of all fun and frolic. Would you like to see me with a shaven head?' she asked playing with her long braid. There was a hint of mockery in her voice. 'I could not make up my mind to brood my life away on a door-step. The world is pretty when not seen through a kitchen window, and I know I am young and pretty too' she said and smiled. She was bewitching Suresh had to admit. He could not picture her in widow's garb, toiling inside a sooty kitchen. Prita wandered to the corner and picked up the 'sitar'. Her fingers hovered carelessly over the strings. 'This is

sweeter than my mother-in-law's tongue,' she said. The 'sitar' now throbbed a familiar air, 'the cuckoo's song to the mango-blossom'. Old memories came streaming back to Suresh, of the cool garden in Sasilapur where they hurtled together on the swing. Prita's eyes were misty. 'What are you thinking of?' asked Suresh. 'Kite-flying in Sasilapur' she said and her voice shook. Something seemed to choke Suresh. He fought for words. 'Prita, you are not happy, you are pretending; come home with me; it will gladden my mother's heart; you know I have no sisters' he blundered. The words died away in his throat. Prita was smiling. 'Charity is it?' she drawled. She still treated him like a child. 'It's a desperate choice, but I am happy' she said and laughed. But her eyes refused to meet his. Prita laughed again—a strange, dry laugh. It seemed to come from far away. The noise of men and vehicles rose in a confused hum from the street below.

Thanks to Prita's ministrations Suresh did not feel any more pain in his head as he prepared to leave her house. But the pain had pervaded his heart. He felt strangely dispirited and helpless. Before mounting his cycle, he glanced back. Prita was still standing at the doorway. He waved to her for the last time. She waved back. A few idlers on the road stared and laughed.

PHOSPHORESCENCE AMONG PLANTS

By R. Chakravarti, *Class IV B.Sc., Gr. iv-a*
(Illustrated by Abraham Joseph, *3 Hons., Br. ii*)

'Tis said at Summer's evening hour,
Flashes the golden coloured flower,
A fair electric flame.

Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, the eminent botanist, has, in his interesting and instructive *Himalayan Journals*, made some useful remarks on phosphorescence in firewood. When he was botanising in the Himalayas (1847–51), stacks of wood were sent to him with inquiries as to the cause of their luminosity. He records that the pale phosphorescent light emitted, presented a beautiful spectacle, was common on oak, laurel, birch etc. during the warm damp summer months and almost always accompanied rapid decay. The phosphorescence paled and glowed with every vibration of the atmosphere and was dissipated by alcohol, heat and dryness. He is of opinion that it was due to the mycelia of certain fungi—he was not able to make the mycelia develop into fungi—as it almost always preceded decay of wood.

Phosphorescence is simply emission of light from the body of an animal or of a plant—in fact, from anything—without combustion or by gentle combustion without any *sensible* heat. We have all heard, I suppose, of phosphorescence among deep sea fish and among the molluscs. In the deep-sea fish, in fact, there are special glandular organs that secrete a substance which is highly phosphorescent. What purpose the phosphorescence serves, nobody can say; yet it is highly possible that this is used either to drive away enemies or to attract prey. To many of us, however, instances of phosphorescence among plants come as a matter of surprise. Yet, there are unmistakable and striking instances of luminosity in the plant kingdom, especially among the lower orders of vegetable life.

Phosphorescent fungi are abundant on the surface of the globe. I do not know if any other Indian fungi—except the one referred to by Hooker—are known to be phosphorescent—it is quite possible that there are some more—but beautiful records have been left of the presence of these fungi in the coal mines at Dresden, and the light emitted is said to be dazzling to the eye. 'Hanging in festoons and pendents, from the uneven roofs, twisting rootlike round the pillars and covering the walls, they give to these otherwise dreary excavations, the semblance of fairy palaces' (Hutchinson). One gets the impression that he has been transported to an enchanted castle, on entering the mine, and in the soft moonshine-like light emitted, two persons can easily recognize each other.

This is not the only instance of luminosity among the fungi. Species of *Agaricus* (to which genus our common mushroom belongs) in South France, in Brazil, in Borneo and in Australia are said to be highly luminous. The light that they emit almost always has a greenish or bluish hue. A fact that arrests our attention in this connection, is that these plants emit light only when they are alive; and when they are deprived of a free supply of oxygen—

GRAHAM
JOSEPH

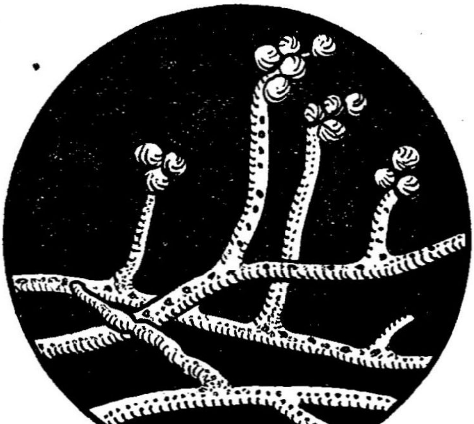
when they are suffocated and die—they cease to emit the soft undulating light. Here is hence found a possible explanation of the phenomenon. As M. Tulasne, who made certain extensive investigations into phosphorescence among plants inferred, the light may be due to slow combustion (which does not give out heat) going on in the tissues of the plant, as a result of the combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with a substance that is characteristic of the fungus.

Rev. M. J. Berkeley has left an account of luminosity among plasmodia of a species of *Myxogaster.* It is not yet known whether the myxogasters belong to the vegetable world, in which case they seem to deserve a place among the fungi or to the animal—in which case they have to be included, possibly, among the protozoa. They appear as small incrustations varying in colour, on dried leaves and twigs and the one studied by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley was parasitic on spruce.

There are instances of apparent luminosity among plants. For the manufacture of food materials—complex carbohydrates inside the green tissues of the plant body, from the raw materials that the plant takes in—water and carbon dioxide chiefly—light is absolutely essential. There are however certain plants which grow in darkness and these have various adaptations by which they increase the intensity of the scanty incident light they may get.

There are certain tiny dull-green moss plants (e.g. *Schistostega osmundacea*) growing in caves in Central Europe. They are celebrated for their

THE LUMINOUS MOSS PLANT



PROTONEMA OF THE LUMINOUS MOSS

luminosity. On a close examination the plant body is seen to consist—at least, at earlier stages of development—of masses of tender branching filaments (*Protonema*) with tiny globular heads at the ends of their branches. Each of these semi-transparent globes acts like the lens in a cat's eye and refracts the scanty incident light into a bright disc; and where these discs of intensified light fall, formation of food materials takes place in an entirely efficient

manner, in spite of the surrounding darkness. The scintillations produced are so deceptive that an ignorant visitor beholding the spectacle might imagine that he has come across a hidden store of emeralds and rubies. His fond hopes of sudden enrichment will, however, be dispelled when he takes a handful of these and examines them in the light.

The deep sea algae present a phenomenon, equally deceptive, but equally efficient. The colour of sea water at all depths where light can reach it, is blue. This is due to the fact that the blue rays of the solar spectrum are refrangible to a higher extent and pass through layers of water easily, whereas, the red, orange and yellow colours are absorbed. Now, red, orange and yellow colours are absolutely essential for the formation of carbohydrates in the plant body while blue rays are said to be actually a destructive influence on plants. It hence seems impossible, for any plant life to exist where there is no red, orange or yellow light. Yet there are certain deep-sea weeds which live quite comfortably in zones which only the blue rays are able to reach. They contain a red pigment known as *phyco-erithrin*—and hence their designation 'Red sea weeds'—which is highly fluorescent, and it possesses the remarkable property of converting the blue rays into red, orange and yellow ones; and the plant is able to form carbohydrates just as do the green algae which inhabit the surface layers.

As seen in the above instances, the phenomenon of luminosity among the fungi, mosses and algae, seems to accompany either respiration or *photo synthesis* (formation of carbohydrates in the presence of sunlight), the former in the case of certain fungi, parasitic on decaying wood and the latter in the case of cave growing mosses and deep sea algae.

The phenomenon of luminosity among higher (i.e., flowering) plants seems to be a matter of much doubt and controversy. We know very little about phosphorescence among higher plants; and even to-day, many botanists believe that such a phenomenon does not exist at all, and class any instances of such among optical illusions. Sir Joseph Hooker himself has added a note in his *Himalayan Journals* that he never knew an authenticated instance of luminous flowers or roots. The remark was made, however, in 1854 and since then many confirmed reports of luminous flowers and leaves have attracted the attention of botanists.

It was Christina Linné—daughter of the great eighteenth century botanist Linnaeus—who first observed the phenomenon. Walking in their garden one hot June evening, she saw the flowers of the garden Nasturtium (*Tropeolum majus*) give out beautiful scintillations. She drew her father's attention to the phenomenon which was repeated on successive evenings in the presence of eminent men of science—among whom was an electrician named Wilcke, who believed that the flashes were electric. Since then many competent investigators have vouched for the reality of the phenomenon. The garden Nasturtium, observed by Linnaeus and Canon Russel (in 1889),—who held that the leaves of the plant were also highly phosphorescent—is not the only plant with flowers that exhibit this remarkable phenomenon, and later investigators such as the Swiss botanist Haggren, J. R. Trimmer (1835), Dowden (1842), and Canon Russel (1891), have recorded that the scintillations can be observed in flowers of the common marigold (*Calendula*

vulgaris), African marigold (*Tagetus erecta*), Martagon lily (*Lilium martagon*) and sunflower (*Helianthus*).

The false Dittany (*Dictamnus fraxinella*) with its white, red and purple varieties, occupies a unique position among luminous plants. It is said to secrete an etherial oil volatilizing in warm weather, thus rendering the air not only very fragrant but also highly inflammable. This discovery was also by Christina Linné and was confirmed by Dr. Hahn in 1863. The sap of a Euphorbia (*Euphorbia phosphorea*) and of cipo, the South American vine and the roots of khus-khus grass (*Andropogon*) are also said to be highly luminous.

We do not pretend to know what the phenomenon is due to among the higher plants. The view held by Wilcke that the flashes were electric seems to be fairly plausible for,—as confirmed by Haggren, Trimmer, Dowden, Canon Russel and the rest of the later investigators,—the phenomenon occurs when the air is dry and discharged with electricity and never happens on rainy days or when the air is loaded with vapour. If this is true we have to class the phenomenon as an abnormal one in the vegetable kingdom. Another fact that deserves our notice is that the phenomenon is confined to yellow, orange and red flowers.

THE NEW RACE

By P. G. Roy, *5 Hons., Br. vii*

H. G. Wells in his *Shape of Things to Come, The Fate of Homo Sapiens* and other books, conceives of a new civilization which is brilliantly satirised by Aldous Huxley in his book, *The Brave New World*. It cannot be denied that there is a vital and urgent need for a 'brave new world' and brave new men. But, as Aldous Huxley rightly points out in his great book *Ends and Means*, it is a new race of supermen that we need first. The new world will then automatically come into existence.

But what are these new mortals, these brave new men, these supermen to be? Ideas are diverse and ideals also. Nietzsche holds before us two types of supermen in his *Origin of Tragedy*. There are the followers of Apollo who wish to enjoy life with their intellects, and the followers of Dionysus who are ruled by 'les forces de la terre' and wish to enjoy life solely with their passion. But intellect alone or mere passion will not do; there should be a harmonious blending of the two.

Peace-loving men like Romain Rolland would like the world to be silently and unperceivably ruled by men who feel the pangs of existence on earth and with an inner, vital sorrow urging them on, create new things that would provide humanity with intellectual and emotional food to help its cultural growth. These 'Hommes de Douleur', Romain Rolland's supermen, like Goethe, Beethoven, Wagner, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy, Balzac and others have helped greatly the cultural progress of Humanity. But their efforts being individual attempts to better Humanity, they have only succeeded in influencing a few men. Humanity, in the mass, has not been vitally affected by their work.

H. G. Wells and men of his school of thought advocate a new Scientific civilization. With the help of Science, they wish to build up a new civilization in which a new race of supermen, scientific intellects, the 'Alphas' of the 'Brave New World' will lead the mass of Humanity along the road of progress to the goal of Scientific Perfection. But such a civilization is just technical progress. There is no cultural advance: there is no change in essential human nature. Men remain what they were. Only their physical life is made more complex, interesting and perhaps enjoyable.

People of Aldous Huxley's way of thinking have come to realise that there is, beyond the realm of Science, a vast, mysterious, unknown world. These thinkers do not discard Science but their minds travel beyond it. With such a mental outlook, Aldous Huxley discusses the question of the future of Humanity in his book, *Ends and Means*. He believes that a new world can only be created when gifted men band together and in a disinterested way take up the problems of mankind and solve them. These supermen he aptly terms 'non-attached' beings.

Aldous Huxley's idea is not new. The Ancient Hindus discovered this truth. The *Bhagavad Gita* ordains that men should be what Aldous Huxley terms 'non-attached'. It was with this idea in view that the Brahminical order, the organisation of supermen was instituted. These Brahmins were as perfect as men of those days could be. They had no attachments whatsoever for the world. Under their rule, everything went well. But after sometime men became degenerate and Brahmins also. And the whole order crumbled down.

Humanity has its rise and fall and no human order can endure the onslaughts of Progress for long. History records the rise of Humanity towards Culture and Civilization, helped by the efforts of a few great men, and its fall brought about by gradual degeneration. So, what we need today to help the rise of Humanity towards Culture and Civilization is a new Brahminical order, an organisation of supermen. Talented, healthy men and women of every race, nation, and religion should be organised into a sacred order which would dedicate itself to the service of Humanity. Absolutely disinterested and with no attachments whatsoever for the world, their task would be to fight evil in man and lead him towards good. This new race of supermen, these Neo-Brahmins, should, with the aid of Science, better the earthly existence of men and guided by the valuable spiritual experiences and rich cultural heritage of all Mankind, lead the 'Sons of the Immortal' to a higher life.

LITERARY CRITICISM*

By Rev. J. R. Macphail, M.A.

Most of the books we read are poems, or stories, or sermons. A man writes because of some feeling inside him, joy or sorrow, love or anger, which is so strong that he must put it into words or burst; and that is a poem, whether it is in verse or in prose. Or else he is so much interested by a person or an incident or a train of incidents, that he wants to tell someone about it. If you hear a funny remark, you itch to pass it on: and that's the beginning of all story-telling. It doesn't matter whether the story you want to tell is solid fact or pure imagination: the most respectable historian has something in common with a ring of school boys telling lies together to see who can tell the tallest; or if he hasn't, so much the worse for his history. Or else the man is possessed by a sense of duty; he is so sure of something or other that he feels he must change the thoughts and the actions of everyone else until they correspond. To relieve emotions that cry out for expression; or to interest someone, to see his eyes open wide and hear him gasp with astonishment; or to reform mankind: that's why people talk. And that's what makes literature, for literature is just those words that mankind chooses to remember out of the billions that are uttered.

So there are poems, and stories, and sermons: and of course there are also mixtures of any two or of all three of them. 'The Ancient Mariner' is a poem, and a story, and a sermon, and it is first-rate every time. But there are other kinds of books too, in particular there is literary criticism. Besides singers and spinners of tales and preachers, there are also literary critics—who may be the same people at different times, or on the other hand may be different people altogether. They can't sing or preach or start off with a 'Once upon a time'; but they can criticise. They consider the stories and songs and sermons of other men, they decide which of them are good and which aren't, and they try to see and to show what it is that makes the difference.

It seems strange that a man who can't do a certain thing himself should set up as judge of those who can: but it happens, not only with books. In every college there are some students who can play cricket, and some who can talk about it; and often they aren't the same men: often the good player is dumb in the pavilion, and the man who can discuss a match ball by ball, showing what was well done and what wasn't, and why,—this man, if he takes a ball or a bat into his own hands, seems to become paralysed. The player is of course more important than the critic, for the player could get on without the critic (though perhaps not so well), while the critic without any players would be nothing at all. But the critic can be interesting, if he is a good critic; and in his own way he is even useful. The best player may improve his game here and there by listening. It is the same with acting, as you must know if you have ever taken part in amateur theatricals: some

* Broadcast by AIR, Madras, July 31, 1941 and published by kind permission.

people can give helpful advice to the actors, though they themselves couldn't speak two words on the stage, or even walk on and stand still.

In literature it is certainly true that while some writers have a gift for putting stories together, others have a gift for taking them to pieces again. The original writer is more important than the critic, who is something of a parasite; and the critic may make himself ridiculous if he takes airs; he can only follow humbly after the original writer, distinguishing between good and bad and trying to account for the difference. But the critic has a place of his own, and if he does not mistake it, it can be a useful place.

I have said that sometimes the critic and the original writer are the same person. The first great English critic was Dryden, and he was also a great poet and playwright. And many of the great poets were also great critics. Novelists, I think, though I don't know why, are less reliable in their judgement. I regret to say that Jane Austen was a poor judge of books, except her own. The late Sir Hugh Walpole wrote often and at length about the new books, and was a kind of uncle to all young writers; but it always seemed to me that when he was not saying the wrong thing, he was saying the right thing in the wrong way. On the other hand the late Virginia Woolf, who as a novelist was original at least, was also one of the best critics we have ever had. In her collections of book-reviews, called 'The Common Reader', her judgements on people and on books are sound and stimulating, and what she says is charming itself quite apart from her subjects. Or again there is a pure critic like Hazlitt. Hazlitt never composed a poem or told a story in his life; yet there are few men who have written more splendidly about the poems and stories (especially the dramas) of other men. He can talk about a book so as to make you impatient to read it at once, even if you have read it a dozen times already; and when you do read it, you like it and understand it far better because of what Hazlitt says. So we may accept the critic for his own sake; he is made like that, and in fact you can't stop him.

And we must accept the critic also for our own sakes. If you read books at all, you want to know what others think of them; and there is almost as much fun in discussing books, or arguing about them, as there is in reading them. And reading about them is next best to talking about them. It is no substitute for reading books, but it is good for variety or tonic.

And now I want to say something about another kind of literary criticism, the kind that is supplied in our daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals. This is something new; it belongs to a machine age: and that is the subject of our talk today, literary criticism in a machine age. If literary criticism is just thinking about books, then the peculiarity of a machine age is that you can hire professionals very cheaply to do your thinking for you. There are many clever men and women today whose job it is to read new books and to tell everybody what they think of them. And the result is that many of us spend more time reading about books than we spend reading books. It is easier!

Some newspaper critics do their work very well indeed; and some can keep it up at the rate of a book a day, or more. I can't imagine how they do it; but it always turns out, when a lot of people do something together,

that a few of them have a gift for it which seems miraculous to the rest. And others do their work badly. There are some incompetents everywhere, even in a cabinet of ministers or a bench of judges: some who are lazy, some who are stupid, and some who think more of what they can get for themselves, in cash or in credit, than of their work. And the bad reviewer, perhaps more than the good one, has a bigger audience than he had before machines came in: first, because our machines are so good, and his words speed across the world in less than a moment; and secondly because our thinking is so bad, because we pay attention to the noisiest man, not to the wisest.

But whether this periodical book-reviewing is well done or badly done, I don't think it can be denied that there's too much of it. These notices pour out in such volume that they daze us all; and if we come across a new book before we have seen the reviews, we don't know what to make of it.

And then there's a third kind of literary criticism, and it is the only kind that is indispensable. It is the literary criticism that you do yourself. You must think for yourself, instead of hiring professionals to think for you. Some people, if you tell them that a certain book has made you think, are grateful for the warning. On my first voyage to India a fellow-passenger regularly read two novels a day from the ship's library; and he couldn't remember the title or the author of one of them the next day. And he wasn't ashamed of it. His reading was passive. He allowed books to ruffle the surface of his mind; the impressions came and went, accomplishing nothing. If you want to get the best out of books, don't be like him.

Here are some rules; try them, and see what you think of them. First, aim at reading books because you enjoy them; not merely to pass the time, or to please your professors, and not because the critics speak well of them, or because they happen to be there. Make up your mind what you want, and hunt it out. We all have a good choice of books nowadays, if we will take a little trouble; it isn't money that is needed, but only the will.

Choose for yourself what books you will read: and in your choosing try to include both old books and new books: some because you know them already, and some because you don't know them. A victorious army, while it is conquering new ground, must be making sure of the ground it has gained already. If you don't feel confident that you are advancing and consolidating at the same time, in your knowledge of books, it might be a good plan to choose your books time about, first a new one (new to you) and then an old one.

Here's a second rule. Having chosen your book, read it actively. Make some effort. Use your mind. When you have finished a book, your mind ought to be pleasantly tired, as your body is after a long country walk. As you read, keep asking yourself, Do I like this? And why, or why not? Does the story or argument keep me guessing what will come next? Do I see the scenes vividly? Do I feel that I know the characters, and do I like or dislike them as if they were real? How do I respond to the atmosphere of the book and the personality of the author? And is the style good? This last question is really two questions: Can I understand easily and at once what it means? And, Does it give me pleasure? Remember that the good style is precisely

the style that you don't notice until you pay attention to it. In short, be critical. Don't be too critical, so as to lose all power of enjoyment: there is some risk of that. But there is a much more serious risk that you may never begin to distinguish between good and bad.

One rule more: read poetry. And that means: read poetry regularly. If you have any taste for poetry, take care of it. It is easy to lose, and hard to find again. Keep it in good shape and condition. Because, apart from other things, it will help you to think about books for yourself. First, it's not possible to read poetry passively; unless you use your mind, and all of it, poetry becomes a hopeless bore. Secondly, there is more difference between good and bad in poetry than in prose: poetry can be better than the best prose, and if it isn't, it is worse than the worst prose. And thirdly, this difference, however great, is something that you must see for yourself. There are no rules about poetry. Romantic subjects, high-sounding language, even rhyme and metre—none of these is necessary, for you can have poetry without any of them; and none of them is enough, for you may have all of them and still not have poetry. Nothing is poetic except poetry itself, and the mind that loves it.

Wordsworth in the Scottish Highlands hears a lonely reaper-woman singing sadly in a language he does not know; and he says:

'Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.'

These are words that we use every day; there is nothing fanciful or odd. Yet it is poetry. What do you think of it? Does it please you, in some way you can't explain, but are quite sure of? If it does, you are engaged, whether you like it or not, in literary criticism.

'SPIRITUALISTIC MANIFESTATIONS'
VS.
MAGIC

BY K. BHAGYANATHAN, *Post-graduate ii, Br. vii.*

In the month of September 1865, two Americans, Ira and William Davenport, landed in France for the purpose of giving a series of marvellous performances under the title of '*Spiritualistic Manifestations*'. The arrival of these wonder workers, who came direct from England where they had enjoyed an extraordinary run of popularity for two years, assumed the importance of a political event. The official government paper announced their arrival, and the Press discussed in a lively way the mysterious evolutions of those Americans. Advance notices claimed that from earliest youth the Brothers Davenport possessed the faculty of becoming lighter than air; that on various occasions they had been wafted to the ceiling and floated over the heads of others. Immense posters, in the Hollywood style, were placarded about Paris, announcing in enormous characters that the first *seance* of the Brothers Davenport would take place on the 12th September at the Salle Herz. But unfortunately the bright anticipations of the two brothers as to their future success in the capital were doomed to disappointment, for a cloud which was gathering over spiritualism in general, and over their own performances in particular became more and more threatening as the day of the first public performance drew near, and finally burst on the day of their performance. At the Salle Herz on the 12th September, there was almost an attack on the Brothers; a hot tempered gentleman broke some of the Davenports' apparatus, there was a stampede, and the performance was lost in a tumult worthy of a meeting of infuriated shareholders. The Spiritualistic Manifestations unfortunately ended in a brutal manifestation of the frenzied spirits of an excited Paris mob. Thenceforth the mediumistic powers and spiritual manifestation of the Davenport Brothers stood condemned. The colossal failure of the two brothers shook the faith even of the firmest believers in Spiritualistic phenomena.

When and how did the belief that spirits of the departed sometimes make their presence known by means of mysterious taps or other phenomena, first enter the minds of people? In the year 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Fox and their two daughters living in New York, observed some mysterious taps at their door. Later on they were able to get answers to their enquiries, by a pre-arranged system of taps, from the power (whom they believed to be an unseen spirit) who produced the 'taps'. A good many people became interested in the mysterious happenings in the Fox household. But it was only when the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fox moved to a separate building,

and began to give demonstrations of their mediumistic powers, that the modern Spiritualistic movement began. The idea of communicating with the Dead is naturally attractive to the curious, and more especially to those who are mourning for dear ones. Naturally therefore the movement spread like an epidemic and spiritualistic societies began to spring up like mushrooms. The movement spread to England and by 1852 American mediums were holding seances in England.

'Spiritualistic manifestations' are generally conducted in total darkness or subdued lighting. The phenomenon consists in fiddles and tambourines mysteriously playing of their own accord, tables becoming animate and moving about, spirit materialisations quite inexplicable taking place, and other varied surprises, unexplainable by natural laws. The medium who acts as the inter-medium between the living and the dead produces the phenomenon in some mysterious way.

Magicians observing that the conditions under which *seances* were conducted were very suitable for doing conjuring tricks, began to investigate the claims of mediums. They were soon convinced that generally spiritualistic manifestations were nothing but clever conjuring tricks. Famous magicians took upon themselves the task of exposing the trickeries of bogus mediums. Maskelyne included in his programme a 'spirit seance' where he reproduced all the varied supernatural manifestations of the mediums, and yet claimed no divine powers. Houdini was never tired of exposing bogus mediums, and so greatly was he dreaded by the mediums that they never knowingly gave him admission to their 'sittings'. Other great magicians have always been successful in explaining the 'phenomenon' of mediums. It is very significant, (and a very strong point against Spiritualistic manifestations) that when the list of exposed mediums is scanned carefully, one finds that almost every medium who has been prominently before the public has at some time or another been detected in fraud. Moreover many successful mediums have confessed in their autobiographies that they had only palmed off as spiritualistic manifestation, cleverly arranged conjuring tricks. The medium who made Conan Doyle believe that he had shaken hands with a departed soul, has revealed in an article in an issue of *Science and Invention* that the 'spirit hand' was nothing but a puffed up glove, dipped in ice cold water. How easy it is to deceive a credulous public determined to get itself fooled.

The fact that almost all 'mediums' have been found to be tricksters, does not in itself prove that all spiritualistic manifestations are bogus. But it must be admitted that no sufficient mass of observation is to hand to enable one to distinguish between trickery and hallucination on the one hand, and genuine supernormal phenomena on the other.

In foreign countries spiritualistic societies and psychic magazines are daily increasing. The war has given a new impetus to the mediums, for people mourning for lost ones are an easy prey to mediums. The spread of such kind of professional spiritualism must be checked, for it seems to one passing strange that in the year 1941 when the whole of the human race is passing in rapid strides in the direction of progress, when the spirit of positivism is abroad on all sides, and every branch of science, freed from the burden of old nonsensical beliefs, is stepping resolutely forward to the goal of

MAP DRAWING

BY F. G. JILANI, *4 Hons., Br. iii.*

This story would not have been written but for two curious facts. One was my innate inability during my school career to draw anything in the least resembling the map of India. Indeed facetious friends compared my map of India to a deformed camel with an extraordinarily large hump, or an enlarged amoeba. The second was the presence of a curious munshi (teacher) in our school whose most curious habit was that whenever he got into a rage he clapped his hands loudly to emphasise his remarks. You will see the connection between the two facts in a moment.

On a fine morning during my annual examination I sat at my table with the geography paper before me. I was not in the least disconcerted that there was a map question, for there nestled in my pocket a tracing paper on which a sketch map from an atlas was drawn. I took out the outline and was making an impression on the paper when I felt a queer sensation down my spine and turning round saw the munshi's eyes boring into me. 'What is this?' He fired the question at me. I coolly replied that I was making a sketch map with the help of an outline. He immediately flew into a rage—'You insolent puppy (clap). How dare you! (clap). Come to the Head's office' (clap). He dragged me forthwith to the Head's room. So far I had felt as calm as Wellington at Waterloo but now I felt as if Napoleon's Old Guards had charged. However I collected my wits when I saw that the munshi had not taken the elementary precaution of seizing the damning piece of evidence—the tracing paper. Like all other great men I thought and acted at once, and swallowed the paper just as we entered the office room. The headmaster demanded an explanation but I categorically denied the offence of malpractice. The headmaster asked me to be searched, without result, and then I came forward with an explanation. 'This munshi's brother-in-law's opponent in the recent municipal elections was actively supported by my father. As we won he has sought to wreak vengeance.' The Head was prejudiced in my favour by the fact that the successful candidate had promised to increase his salary, and sent off the munshi with a warning. On my way back, not to be too unfriendly, I told him the secret of the confusing trick and immediately the whole building was rent by the thunder claps of the munshi. When this noise penetrated the Head's sanctum for a second time he sent a peon to show the munshi off the premises.

When my paper was returned after the examination I had the satisfaction of showing to my friends that I had drawn a map which did not resemble a camel or an amoeba.

INTERNATIONAL ORDER

By T. Dorai Raj, *Class IV, Gr. iv b.*

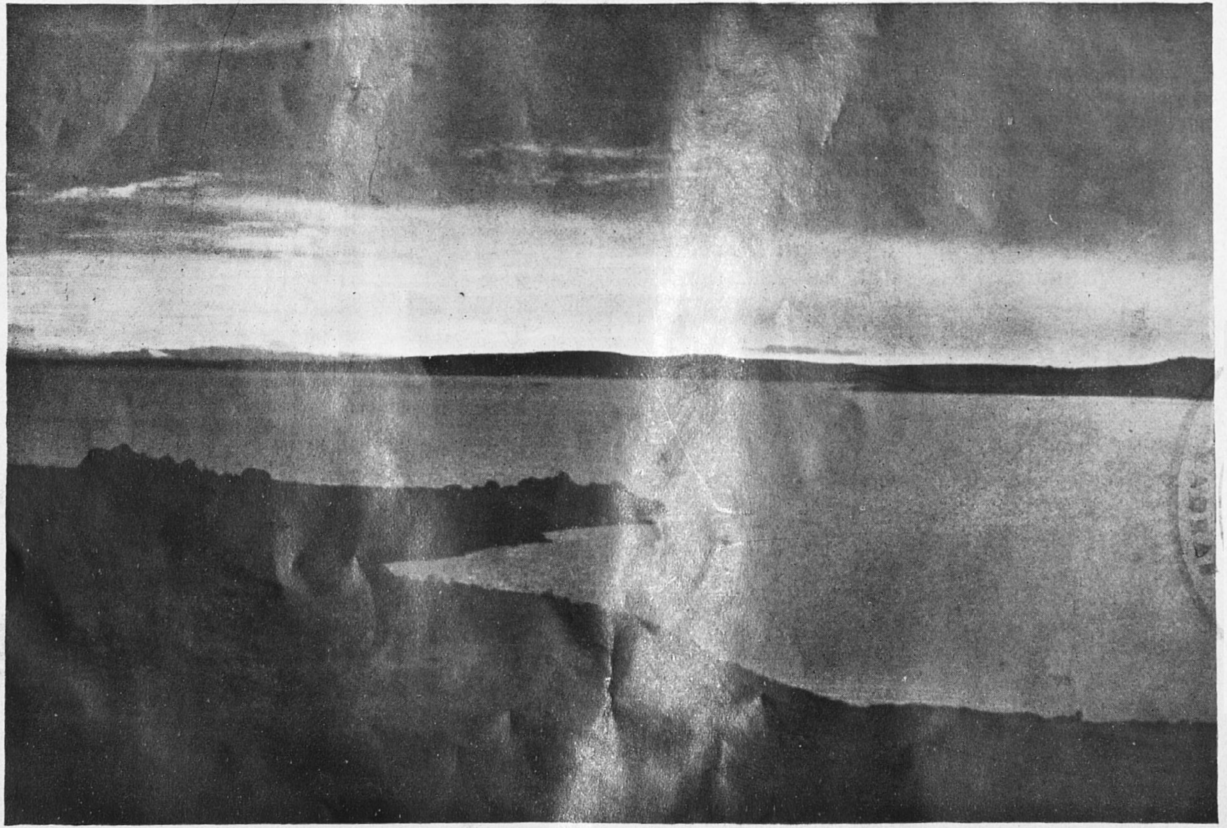
'Ours is a period of which the major characteristic is insecurity', says Laski, the pluralist. Nevertheless, the idea of an international order is burning bright. Eminent scholars like H. G. Wells, Clarence K. Streit, Bernard Shaw and many others are labouring at this idea day in and day out. Unfortunately, the world is indifferent to it. It can be indifferent for a time, or at least for some time but not for all time. The sooner it lends its ear, the better.

For the whole world is passing through a great crisis. Every day numberless men, women and children are sacrificed at the altar of the war-god, amidst the drilling and trampling with which Europe resounds. Therefore, it is the bed-rock ideal of the international order to restore peace and the consequent prosperity of the world.

War then must go. But if this is to be so, then its fundamental causes must be analysed and arrested. The recurrence of war in the year 1939, bore testimony to the fact that it was in some measure due to the mistakes of 1919. But the fundamental general causes are far from them. The most important theories as to the cause of war are two and they emanate from the present political and economic conditions. The socialistic theory, which is based on economic conditions points out that capitalism is an inevitable struggle for the control of markets and raw materials. So long as capitalism endures, the struggle will continue, and the only way to get rid of war is, therefore, to get rid of capitalism. The other theory which is based upon the political conditions of the world states that war is an inevitable conclusion, since the whole world is in the anarchy of sovereign states. Sovereign states, in their attempt to vindicate their rights to existence naturally encroach upon the rights and liberties of other nations and states; and when this takes place, war is the unavoidable result.

There are thus two theories arriving at the same conclusion but from different points of view and shades of opinion. But if they are examined critically and keenly, the anarchy of sovereign states seems to be the more important cause. Because, if sovereign states did not exist, capitalists could not use them for their purposes and their vested interests. On the other hand if sovereign states continue to exist even after the Golden Age of the investor destroys them by means of socialising them, war is indispensable between the various Socialist-Sovereign States, since the states themselves take the role of the capitalists.

Therefore, capitalism, though it goes a long way to contribute to the incredible intensity of war, is not the sole cause. The fundamental cause of war is the medley of sovereign states. This can be illustrated by taking into consideration and comparing the American states with the European states. There are in America forty-eight states with variegated customs, cultures and communities; and yet they are free from the conflicts and conquests of



DAWN [K. N. Raj]

Europe, whereas in Europe under the cloak of self-defence the various states are torn asunder by chronic conflicts. Why is this? This is not because the Americans are any more virtuous, but essentially because their political situation is quite different from that of the European states. Then the American political situation is the crucial point of our test.

The kind of political situation that is existing in America is what is technically called 'Federation'. As Freeman observes, 'A federal commonwealth in its perfect form is one, which forms a single state in its relation to other nations, but which consists of many states with regard to its internal government.' The American Federation, which consists of forty-eight states, is based on four fundamental principles, viz. a written constitution giving effect to the supremacy of the constitution, to the validity of citizenship in the state as well as in the federal union, to the demarcation of powers between the component parts and the whole of the federal union and lastly to the establishment of a supreme court to decide disputes. Thus under this system we find an admirable adjustment between unity and diversity, between centrifugal and centripetal forces, between national and international relations.

Any attempt, therefore, to reconcile the various war-minded national states throughout the world must be based on these principles. The American Constitution, taken as a symbolic example, does provide a solution to the problem of war in the world.

Therefore what is needed now is the establishment of world federation. This idea is neither novel nor impossible. Because the world of to-day is not the world of 1850, when each state was thought to be a world in itself. The day of isolated independence and economic nationalism has gone and gone for ever. The whole world has been made smaller in time and distance by the agency of science. In fact technically international society has already been established, while we still continue to think and feel in a world of political ideologies which are still mainly national. Science and political thought are not the products of a particular country or nation, but they are the products of international co-operation emanating from the fertile brains of an international intelligentsia. In economics this is even more obvious. International trade is an example of the division of labour and the arguments in favour of international trade are exactly the same as the arguments in favour of large scale economies, to which argument political frontiers are absolutely irrelevant. In the field of communication and transport, internationalism is almost complete and the idea of economic nationalism is at its worst.

Therefore it is a futile attempt to defend national sovereign states at this hour. Whatever may have been its utility in the past the sovereign state has become at present an unmitigated nuisance, wasting our lives and frustrating our hopes. The panacea for this anarchy lies only in the formation of a world federation. Federation is the best way to end war.

Such a world federation cannot be created over night, but it is important to have in mind its indispensable characteristics, so that at the end of the present war an effective federation of world states could be formed. The state of things which is bound to come into existence soon after the war can

be nothing but a desolated world with a population which would be eager to enter into any order that would give them peace and happiness. That is exactly the time for the political thinkers to seize the opportunity to form a Federation. The community that would form that federation must be a world community of all states and nations. The brotherhood of man must be the practical ideology of that community. The functions of sovereign states as they are now to-day—foreign policy, military forces, economic relations, national as well as international financial operations must be governed by the central organ of that world community. International communications of all sorts and all national currencies must be handed over to the central authority of the world community. The problem of movements of population and labour should be the concern of the central authority. And above all the world community must ensure the development of world public opinion. Whatever may be the arguments against free trade in ordinary commodities surely there can be no question as to the desirability of absolute free trade in ideas and knowledge. 'Without this there can be no world society', says W. B. Curry.

With these bed-rock ideals in view many concrete proposals have been put forward by many thinkers. *Union Now* of Clarence K. Streit, *New World Order* of H. G. Wells are the most important. H. G. Wells approaches the whole question from a different angle. He sees the solution of the problem in the formulation of world commissions. In short his end is the 'war-welded federation.'

Clarence K. Streit appeals to all democratic states to form themselves into a federal union. But he leaves out the Asiatic countries, viz. Russia, India, China and Japan. That is why H. G. Wells says rightly, 'I do not think any of these federal union schemes will ever be more than a pleasant tea-party sedative and so, I will merely point out that, if by some infection of insanity any one of them should be realised, it would merely prepare the world for a new, more monstrous cycle of warfare.'

But I do not know how if the Asiatic countries are included and the world federal union is really based on democratic principles, such a 'new more monstrous cycle of warfare' would occur at any time. Though federal union to H. G. Wells seems nothing but a 'pleasant tea-party sedative', yet it is not a tea-party sedative but a real remedy and the only panacea for the world, provided the federal union accepts the socialisation of world resources and properties as its first and foremost duty soon after its establishment. If not, the federal union will be nothing but playing about with the map.

THE MANTRAVADIS OF MALABAR

By K. N. Raj, *3 Hons. Br. iv.*

A belief in the supernatural, a belief in the existence of spirits and ghosts appears to be as old as mankind itself. The human mind has with a mysterious and inexplicable persistence clung on to this idea for ages and it is a pertinent question to ask whether man, in spite of all the thwarting influences of modern civilization, will ever completely shake it off. No religion and no literature exists in this world which does not testify to the existence of some relics of such influences. The Egpytian, the Persian, the Jew, the Arab, the Greek and the Roman, all have shared this primitive idea of man. Among the Hindus of our own country, we can remember no time when the influence of spirits was not known. A belief in every kind of demoniacal influence has always been from the earliest times an essential ingredient in Hindu religious thought. Buckle in his *History of Civilization* says that 'the majesty of surrounding Nature dwarfs man and fills him with fear and superstition' and thus accounts for the existence of superstitions in general. We may or may not agree with him but we cannot deny the fact that Indians have always been a ceremony-ridden and superstitious people.

The ways in which spirits affect mankind and the ways of dealing with them have been developed to an elaborate science by the Hindus. This has all the more been true in Malabar where superstitions have had a stronger hold on the minds of people than in any other part of India. Observance of all ceremonials is most rigidly conformed to and *mantravadis* drive a much better trade in their arts than their professional brethren in other parts of India. No wonder Malabar has been called the land par excellence of sorcery and magic.

It is hard to give the English equivalent of 'Mantravadam' but suffice it to say that it includes 'inspiration', 'incantation', divination', 'exorcism', 'mesmerism', 'clairvoyance', and 'sorcery'. The story goes that Parasurama gave the secrets of the *mantrasastram* to two Nambudri families in Kerala, the Sanmanthrams to Kalloor Illam and the Durmanthrams (black arts) to Kâttu Mâdathil Illam. The course in *mantrasastram* begins with the *guru-upadesam* as in every other case of Hindu instruction, and then the knowledge is strengthened and efficacy obtained by the worship of the deities presiding over the arts, the deities being divided into two, the beneficent deities and the demons. The ordinary mantravadi of Malabar obtains most of his knowledge from his guru's *upadesam* or from a long line of ancestors. The indigenous rural population has implicit faith in the efficacy of the art and *mantravadis* are dreaded by one and all.

The chief deity invoked by a pupil of *Mantravadam* is the goddess Bhagavathi in her various forms of Bhadrakali, Durga, Vañadurga, Sakthi, etc. One of these forms is first determined upon as the subject of worship and the votary for her favours is expected to secure the same by a course of severe discipline which is accomplished by *japam*, *homam*,

These are some of the debasing superstitions, in which the bulk of our people, particularly (in this case) Malayalees, are immersed. Belief in God as the sole Power of the Universe has been abused. One cannot with any justification deny the existence of a Spiritual world but that is no reason for our preferring the Devil to God. The spirits (whom we need not view in a bad light) may have their own duties in the Creation of God and one is tempted to speak in rather severe terms of these who invoke the aid of spirits for earthly ends. Let us hope that the prevailing ignorance will diminish with the advance of education, for which a great deal has been done in recent years.

RUSSIAN PEASANT: EXCUSE ME SIR, COULD YOU GIVE THIS POOR FELLOW A BITE?
ADOLF: NO, I DON'T BITE MYSELF; I'LL CALL THE DOG

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Haunted by the maxim (Lord Rosebery's, I think), 'Always wind up your watch at night, and always verify your references', I spent some very pleasant hours, not long ago, hunting through the epigrams of La Rochefoucauld. I had used one of them (you will find it below, No. 432), to illustrate St. Matthew x. 41; but I had relied on my memories of my first reading of the book, in a small dark-green edition, in 1920. When I got the book again, in the same edition, it took me a long time to find the sentence I wanted; but on the way I found so much also that delighted me that I gave way to the impulse to turn some of them into English. The epigrams are in very beautiful French, clean and sparkling and alert. Here are some of my efforts.

The Duc de la Rochefoucauld was one of the most brilliant noblemen at the Court of France in the seventeenth century, a gallant soldier, an ingenious intriguer, and a great favourite among the ladies. Besides his epigrams, which he slily called 'Moral Maxims', he wrote Memoirs and Letters of rare distinction. Cynicism is the style he adopts, and many of his sentences are pointed with malice; but there is also something generous in his outlook. One feels that like Swift he has little respect for humanity, but loves Tom, Dick, and Harry; and many of his most damaging charges are the fruit of patient and kindly observation; he reminds one of a humorous elderly gentleman very conscious of the creaks and aches of his old body, but very fond of it nevertheless. The most famous of his epigrams is No. 218.

3

However many discoveries one may have made in the country of self-love, there is much unknown territory still.

26

No man can gaze steadily at the sun, or at death.

49

No one is ever quite so happy, or quite so unhappy, as he imagines.

76

True love is like ghosts: everyone talks of them, but you don't often meet a man who has seen them himself.

89

Everyone complains of his memory, but no one complains of his judgement.

93

Old men love to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to set bad examples.

174

It would be better to use our wits on managing the evils of today, than on anticipating those of tomorrow.

182

Vices enter into the composition of virtues, as poisons enter into the composition of healing medicines; the prudent man makes a wise selection, mixes them so as to temper their virulence, and uses them to ward off the evils of life.

195

Often the only reason why we do not abandon ourselves to one vice is that we have others.

207

Folly keeps close to us thro' all the stages of life. If a man seems wise, it is only because the follies he yields to are such as match his age and his station in life.

218

Hypocrisy is homage that vice pays to virtue.

231

It is the height of folly to try to be wise all by yourself.

263

What we call generosity is oftenest only the vanity of giving, which is worth more to us than the things we part with.

298

The gratitude of most men is only a secret longing for still greater benefits.

299

Most people are glad to discharge small obligations: many are grateful for middling ones: but there is hardly anyone who does not resent big ones.

305

Self-interest, which is blamed for all our sins, deserves also much of the credit for our good deeds.

312

The reason why lovers do not weary one another, is that they talk only of themselves.

313

Why is it that we can remember something that has happened to us in all its details, but cannot remember that we have already told the story of it, many times over, to the same person?

322

The only people who deserve to be looked down on are those who are afraid of being looked down on.

329

We sometimes believe that we hate flattery: but what irks us is only the way we are flattered.

389

The vanity of others is hard to bear, because it wounds our own.

432

To praise good deeds with all one's heart is to take some share in them ourselves.

467

Vanity makes us do disagreeable things oftener than reason does.

500

There are people so filled with themselves that even in love they contrive to be occupied with their own passion, not with the loved one.

532

We take infinite pains, not to make ourselves happy, but to make other people think we are happy.

533

It is far easier to stifle the first desire than to satisfy all those that follow it.

534

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.

535

The great ones of the earth cannot give us healthy bodies or minds at rest; and for such benefits as they can give us we pay too dear.

554

The man whom nobody pleases is far more to be pitied than the man who pleases nobody.

J. R. M.

THE CALL OF THE VILLAGE

By E. V. Somasundaram, *Class IV, Gr. 4 a.*

No one disputes the fact that our Indian villages were prosperous for thousands of years in the past. Our villagers have ever been vigorous workers.

Invaders from outside and enemies within there have been without number. Countless kings and princes have come and gone leaving little or no trace behind. Till about 1850 the autonomous villages were in idyllic isolation. Their inaccessibility and insularity were their weapons of offence and defence. In such secluded condition, the old idealistic and religio-communistic order of society stood its ground against waves of vandalism and war.

Then came the new era. Modern means of easy transport and communication were introduced into our villages. Along with them the new spirit of the age also peeped in. The conflict of cultures stirred the slumbering giant. As a result the giant has woken up from the sleep of centuries. The villages are in the process of change. The interaction between the several forces, both old and new, goes on in our villages as much as in the cities. They are fast losing their old moorings. The older and younger generations are at the parting of the ways. The aristocracy of idealistic saints has vanished. The guidance of village life by the virtuous and wise elders of the village has gone. The old buffers in the social mechanism of patience, piety and tolerance are giving way under the shock of the present forces in the political and economic spheres of life. The non-capitalistic autonomous village social system has broken down. The leaven of democratic ideas has been introduced. Assertive individualism is displacing the common consciousness of our villagers.

The apparent agelong inertia side by side with ripples of newly kindled activity are seen in the villages. The conflict causes great confusion. The result is misery all round. The returnless revenue collection, the exploitation of the raw materials and labour of the helpless villagers leave them bewildered. *The villager cries for guidance!* He needs our help in his travail of transition. Will you lend a hand?

Willingly, will be the response from all thinking youth of the day though they are like people on the upper story of a house without a staircase as the revered Rabindranath Tagore once described the state of the Indian educated classes. No doubt, it is the privilege and duty of us, the students of this generation, to answer the call of the villages. We, the intelligentsia, have to face the problem. To study the conditions that obtain in the villages is our *precious opportunity*. To render what little help and guidance we can, to our helpless neighbours in the villages around our college campus is our *obvious duty*.

'What then must we do?' is the question. How can we help? The least and the first thing we may do is to *visit the villages regularly*.

These village visits are educative to the students and encouraging to the villagers. We get a first-hand knowledge of the conditions and needs of our villages from direct observation. We establish hearty contacts. We break the barriers both psychological and intellectual between us and the neglected villagers. We acquire the art of associating intimately with the sons of the soil and infusing confidence in their minds. It will be a good training and experience for the student.

The beneficial effect on the villager will be obvious to even the casual visitor. Their despair at the selfish and exploiting nature of the educated classes will be lessened. The bitter feeling of hopeless helplessness will give way to a cheerful confidence when they see the young and ardent students mixing freely with them and evincing sincere interest in their welfare.

There is thus a double benefit in these village visits. It is the privilege, duty and opportunity of the students. It is not enough if a few enthusiasts alone go. 'The harvest is great but the reapers are few.' Regular visits at least once a fortnight is surely not too much to expect.

As Dinabandhu C. F. Andrews put it, this is the age of 'The Renaissance in India'. In these spacious times, the glorious opportunities of the youth and intelligentsia of the day are grand and enviable to the future generation who will sing with the poet:

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.'

Will any of us be so blind as to miss this golden opportunity for self-equipment and service?

A DAY AT CHEPAUK

By C. S. Krishna, *3 Hons., Br. iii*

From September to March Madras is completely crazy. All eyes rest on Chepauk and all roads lead to the Madras Cricket Club. For it is the cricket season, and provincial teams contest for the Ranji Trophy. The famous Madras side meets many teams from the North—hence no wonder a very large crowd turns out to cheer our local champions.

From the early morning students and school boys, business men and officers, infants and grandfathers arrive at the ground. There is a very large queue at the ticket office and people scramble for seats near the ropes and the cool shade of over-hanging trees. The athletic clamber up trees and hang there comfortably. You can see many 'human acorns', of whom the crows 'seem often to complain to us below of molesting their secret lairs'. It is curious to see people wearing topees even when they are wearing dhoties or possess a tuft behind. But it is the cruel sun that violates all conventions or fashions. The M. C. C. ground is a meeting place for all kinds of people. The student meets his professor, the office manager accosts his poor clerk and the father comes with his bunch of screaming children.

Everybody is discussing the day's prospects. Two there are engaged in a heated debate on whether Gopalan would hit another century. Two others are almost at blows over the prospects of the Maharashtra. We meet our friend, the great cricket fan, who is an authority on Indian Cricket, but the pity is that nobody will hear him. He has come early, in all the glory of his red and white caste-mark, and is laying down the law about the merits of the teams. He nearly has a fight with a student when he is happily interrupted by the entry of two white-coated figures—the umpires who walk majestically towards the pitch, greeted by universal applause. The fan leaves his argument and the student takes up his binoculars. Somebody has won the toss, and the opening batsmen enter as the other side arranges itself in the field. All eyes turn front and a great cheering goes up. The batsman faces the fast bowler. But even he is not so eager as my friend, the fan, who grips my neck in excitement and, if the result be a fine cut or a catch in the slips, batters my thigh in his enthusiasm. The batsmen make runs and if they are out others come. So the match lingers on, but if Gopalan makes a 'six' or Rangachary brings off a spectacular catch there is tremendous cheering and garlands for the players. People wait ready with garlands and no sooner has Ramu snicked his hundredth than they run from all corners to garland their idol. For cricketers are worshipped like gods and neither the Prime Minister nor the Sovereign himself can outdo their popularity.

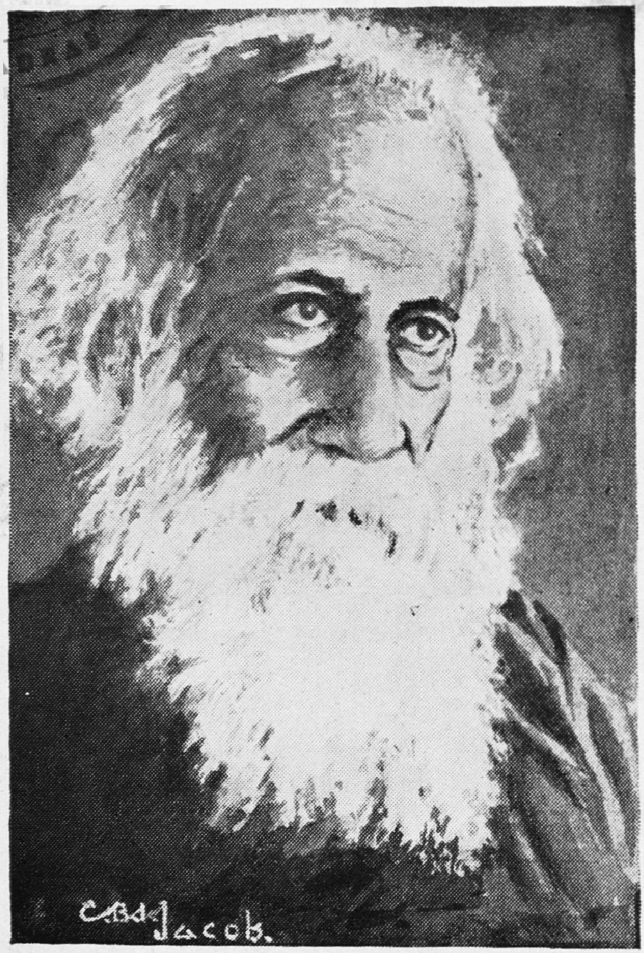
Now comes lunch at 2 and as the hungry players go back to the pavilion, we spread our things. My friend very greedily opens his lunch, the preparation of which kept his wife awake late on the previous night, according to his boastings and her grumblings. Soon some hungry colleague

comes uninvited to share his tiffin. If one takes a walk along the length and breadth of the place one can gain an idea of the ideal M.C.C. diet. It consists of loaves of bread, and jam, oranges and coffee. People again discuss the results as they munch slowly. There are some more quarrels before the players re-enter the field and the game continues, but for a short respite for tea at 4. It usually terminates at five or five-thirty and the exhausted players plod slowly in the shades of the evening towards the pavilion.

Now the whole crowd leaves. Long files of them decorate the Marina drive and if you go to Round Tana you can see a large crowd, surging forward. They are still heatedly discussing the day's events. One stalwart argues that if Hazare had been caught, Maharashtra would never have won. Another brings in an astounding prophecy about the next year.

There are many bitter criticisms made of the fielding and batting of certain players. Our friend, the fan, says even his small boy at school would have fielded what that so and so shamefully missed. But he does not realise the point of view of the exhausted and sun-weary fielder—in any case he would be in a bad position if he ventured out into the field himself, despite all his high talk.

Now our friend goes home, takes a hearty meal, argues with his wife about the match—fortunately she knows nothing to debate with him! He sleeps very soundly and dreams that he is another Bradman wielding 'his broom-stick'. But in the morning he wakes up and finds he has a swollen face, tight cramped limbs and a red nose. Poor man! That's the after-cricket fever most people suffer from after a match. So Bernard Shaw is not far wrong when he describes a cricket match :—'Eleven thousand fools go to see eleven play.'



THE POET [C.B.I. Jacob]

TAGORE—A SKETCH

By S. SUNDARA RAMAN, *5 Hons., Br. iii.*

The poet Tagore was born in Calcutta on May 6, 1861. Descendant of a noble line and born into a gifted family he had the ideal environment for the development of his genius. He lost his mother while very young, but in the gifted company of his brothers and the women of the family the young poet was 'storing up many a vignette of experience and observation'. The poet lived at Dolpur, a delightful place with a lovely mountain setting not unlike the lonely Lakeland district of Wordsworth. Like him also the poet experienced an intense delight in nature's beauty. The crimson rays of the rising sun and the moon-lit sky with its host of stars thrilled the poet's young mind. The songs of the birds would send joy and a serene ecstacy into his soul. As with Wordsworth nature was to him a great teacher, and he stubbornly resisted all attempts to make him a scholar. He received however a sound liberal education at home.

Rabindranath's poetical career began while he was a boy of fifteen. The first of his poems entitled 'The Poet's Story' was published in *Bharati*, a literary journal run by his brother. This was followed by 'Wild Flowers' consisting of lyrics, verses and ballads modelled upon Scott's. The 'Crescent Moon' for example is a poem of great spirit, the music of which leads the reader into a pleasant paradise of dreams and airy fancies. Equally splendid and thought-provoking is his 'Gardener', but his greatest contribution to the world of poetry was the 'Gitanjali' which led to the award of the Nobel Prize and brought him international homage. 'It is full of subtlety of rhythm, of untranslatable delicacies of colour and of material invention.' Of his dramatical works mention must be made of the 'Post Office' and 'Chitra'. A distinct feature of his plays is their deep humanistic appeal whereas 'lyrical solidity and literary efflorescence are the touch-stone of his poetry'.

'Kumudini' and 'Gora' are the best of his novels. They reveal the poet's sympathy, humanitarian outlook and depth of thought. Grammar kills the language. True! Tagore paid no heed to the grammar and the orthodox diction of the old school. He inaugurated a new technique and a new style in the realm of literature. That is perhaps why his works command a wide reading public.

It was in the days of the outstanding Bengali writer and famous novelist Bankim Chandra Chatterjee that Tagore began to make a distinctive mark by his literary productions which elicited the admiration of the public. Once a mammoth meeting had been organised at Calcutta to pay homage to Bankim. Tagore, then a young boy, was sitting on the dais next to Bankim, Bengal's most famous author. The people showed their respect to the writer by garlanding him. Bankim, to the surprise of all assembled, removed the garland and placed it round the neck of Tagore and said, 'Here is the

rising sun of Bengali literature'. That forecast of Bankim has come true today.

The poet's view that modern education is machine-made and spurious caused him to think of a new system of imparting knowledge. The result was the creation of the forest school—the Viswa Bharati which is the living monument of the ideal and the profound spirit of the saint. The school at Santiniketan has been designed by the poet to be in harmony with national tradition and close to nature. It was a noble experiment and, thanks to the unremitting zeal of the founder, the school has grown and blossomed into a great international centre of education, blending together the thought of the East and the experience of the West.

The great poet is dead. But his poetry will live for ever. May the soul of Tagore rest in peace!

ON BEING REJECTED FROM THE RUGGER TEAM

Across the drear and damp Selaiyur vale
There floats on evening's meagre winds a wail,
That rustics, homeward ambling, pause to hear,
Then hasten on, their features grey with fear.
For well they know that by the arid lake
Full many femurs bend and sternums break
Where thirty earthy forms in conflict rock
And hurtling torsos meet with grinding shock
Or pond'rous stalwarts, with insensate haste,
Do hurl themselves at some frail foeman's waist
And all do mingle with the oozy earth,
While watchers moan with inexpensive mirth.

O shade of stern Erasmus, witness here
Our frivolous intelligentsia;
And note how they have travelled back in Time,
And gambol gaily in primaeval slime;
The only use they have for midnight oil
Is to remove adhering clots of soil.
Alas, alas and yet again alas
That Wisdom's brood should come to such a pass!

J. F. S.

THE QUEST

BY M. NARASIMHA ROW, *Class II, Gr. 3*

The path goes up and down and has many windings. No one knows where it begins and where it ends. The palmyras which stand in a line on either side of the path are like pillars on which the canopy of the sky is supported.

* * *

A thronging crowd of men and women are beginning to move along the path in the same direction. Some leave it at the very start. Some stop after they have travelled for some distance. With whose consent they come into this path, with his consent only can they leave the path. They come into this path, wander for some time as though they want to reach some destination and disappear after a time. Some do reach their destination but others do not.

* * *

How much distance they have travelled, where they started, we do not know. But two persons are travelling along that path very slowly and looking very tired. One is a man and the other is a woman. There is a vast difference in their ages. He walks quickly and as he walks his hands move this side and that. She with a weight in her arms walks very slowly. Cruelty and anger are in his eyes and patience and peace in hers. Those who travel with them call the weight in her arms a 'baby'. Golden chains encircle her feet, hands and neck. They do not seem to give her much peace. Some people praise the man and this gives him new strength and encouragement and he walks swiftly.

* * *

Now the baby is not in her hands. He has grown up and is a youth. He walks with others. The mysterious quest gives light to his soul. His eyes glow with the frenzy of poets and attract a mob to follow him. They follow him for some time but soon they are tired and they leave him. His poetry, like the wave which beats against the rocky shores, beats against their hearts of stone, but finds no entrance there.

* * *

The two persons, man and woman, leave him and fall away, but the young man goes on. All of a sudden an angel crosses his path in the form of a girl. Their eyes meet and their lots are thrown together. They walk hand in hand and their fellow-travellers watch them with envious eyes. The gentle moon shines on them. The fragrant west wind enfolds them in one embrace. The *chakora* birds dance on the beautiful stage of the sky in the cool rays of the moon. The cuckoo sings a love song.

* * *

The young girl stops after some distance and sinks into dust; but he walks on in the scorching heat of the sun. All his beauty is gone. It is a thing of the past. His hair is dry. His dress is very dirty and his clothes

almost look like rags. He walks slowly. He speaks within himself. He weeps and laughs alternately. He cries aloud like a mad man. Sometimes he jumps and sometimes he rolls on the ground. The sorrow which springs up in his heart comes out as tears and is dried up by the earth.

* * *

Now he is blind. He is not able to find his way. The people who walk with him, his wide knowledge, the light in his soul, all these are not able to show him his way. Thorns and small stones trouble his feet and cause him to stumble.

* * *

It is all over. His sorrows have pierced his heart. They had the form of a dagger. His feet do not move now. They are just mile stones in the long, long path of life. From the holes in the palmyra trees the owls have begun to hoot. Foxes have come out of their holes in the ground. The young man is not to be found among those who go forward. Why has he stopped and where? What was he seeking?

(*Adapted from Telugu.*)

* * *

SONNET

By L. M. Turner, *5 Hons., Br. vii.*

They are the voices of the marching dead,
They are the voices of the men to be
And men now living. Like a mighty sea
I hear them singing as those millions tread
The causeway of old time. Eternity
Is blood-bespattered with them for that red
Glows in the furnace of futurity,
A sombre sun-set tint in gloom ahead.

But whither go they singing from their slime
Into the dark as centuries unfold
Their crimson petals? Is their end sublime,
These teeming millions cast in human mould?
Who asks receives no answer save the cold
Strange music of eternal winds through time.

THEY ALSO SERVE!

By L. M. Turner, *Literary Editor*

It is the rather depressing duty of an editor, especially a student literary editor, to wade through masses of articles, and have to reject them. Some are from the pens of those determined persons who term after term send in their articles with an admirable patience and perseverance only to find them rejected; others have yet 'the freshness and the dew' of a first attempt. These often have a wholly delightful confidence; some are even accompanied by what I can only describe as admonitory notes to the editor stating that they ought to be accepted as they are their first attempts. It is this confidence that I find so depressing to shatter. The articles of the 'old stagers' I am accustomed to, they have as it were become an institution and after all there is a possibility of their articles being better in the next term, but these! I too was in the same position once upon a time. I had written a poem—one that I thought was the paragon of its kind and with a cheerful confidence I presented it to the editor of my school magazine, certain in my ignorance that it was worthy of acceptance. The editor looked at it for a while, then he looked at me and he coughed tactfully, 'Er, I'll see what I can do with this,' he said. I departed satisfied for I thought that he meant to make a few of those trifling corrections of which editors are so fond. It was not till the magazine appeared that I found out what he had done with my poem—he had dropped it in the waste-paper basket!

To return to the rejected articles; the author of 'Village Calling' has evidently been profoundly affected by the 'V' campaign for he opens his essay thus, 'Verdure, vigour and veneration were the watchwords of our Indian villages for thousands of years. Vandals, villains and vainglorious veterans came and went.' But he is sincere and seems to have a good knowledge of village conditions; if he can disentangle himself from his habit of alliteration he ought to give us a good article next term.

One short-story writer describes himself waking up in the morning: 'With a *convulsion* I woke up and finished my morning ablutions'; another one writes, 'With a gentle grace she assented by dropping her head'! It is mistakes like these that help to bring a little sunshine into the gloomy life of the Magazine Committee with files of articles before them, but some of the poetry is almost as funny. One hopeful bard writes:—

'The blue and green permeated deep,
Grows wild when human peep
Slowly steals a scrape of blame
That mars and blasts its mental frame.'

It is the search for a rhyme I think that renders so much of the poetry queer and distorted. Most of the poets who submit their poems would probably write better if they used free verse. Two poems called 'Life is Beauty' and

'Immortal Beauty' by a first-year student show signs of promise but he too should beware of his rhymes for he falls into a common trap when he rhymes 'bower' and 'cover'.

So far I have only dealt with the articles that have provided us with some amusement but there are a large number that have been rejected because they were either too long or too dull. 'Poetry and Science' for example, is an excellent article in its way but its appeal is strictly limited and it is much too long. Articles must appeal to a fairly wide circle of students if they are to be accepted. They must not be merely learned treatises, and now to conclude with a choice little passage from another short story, 'A worn out hag was indulging in refrains of a curious kind:—

"Many a mariner Marina has
But many a dandy it too has."

Gopal scrutinised his body 'cap à pe'. Did he seem a dandy? Too much shocked, he thought of slapping on her sunken cheeks but the "Roll Call of Honour" he thought would prohibit such unchivalrous actions. Gopal stood gazing at her; he cursed himself for meeting this chatting hag whose betel spray when she approached him pervaded his handsome face. The bustle was dying away. His *sanctified* face was going away to Park Station.'

HEADS

Heads are naturally objects of considerable interest to all of us, and as students we are very much concerned with what goes on (or fails to go on) inside them. This article, however, is not concerned with heads from that point of view, not with the 'hard heads' of business-men, not with the 'fat heads' (as some people think them) of politicians, but with heads as objects of interest to the anthropologist.

Anthropology is the science which studies the customs and peculiarities of the different races of mankind, and more particularly of those which have not had their traditional culture destroyed by modern civilization. At present it receives little attention in India, which is a great pity in view of the rich variety of human types and the many different levels of culture to be found in this great country.

When the anthropologist thinks about heads one of his first concerns is not with their beauty or ugliness, or with the amount of 'grey matter' in them, but with their shape. In particular he wants to know whether they are long or round. It is found that one of the most enduring racial characteristics is the proportion of the width to the length of the skull. This ratio is called the cephalic index. To the history student the term 'round head' means one of the close-cropped followers of Oliver Cromwell in the English Civil War, but to the anthropologist it means a head with a cephalic index of over 80 per cent and 'long head' means one with an index of under 75 per cent.

Modern events have made us very familiar with the word Aryan, but the anthropologist recognises no such race. He divides the peoples of Europe into three groups, largely based on the shape of their heads. There is the 'Mediterranean race' of comparatively short stature and swarthy complexion, with long heads; the 'Alpine race' with round heads; and the 'Nordic race' with tall stature, fair skins, and long heads again. Hitler, as his photographs show, obviously belongs to the Alpine type, which has little racial affinity with the fair long-headed Nordics, whom he looks upon as the world's supermen.

In the almost hopeless attempt to sort out the racial origins of the peoples of India, the shape of the head plays a considerable part. Both the peoples of South India, who speak the Dravidian languages, and those of North India, who speak Indo-Aryan languages, have long heads; but the Baluchis and Afghans of the North-West Frontier, and the Marathas and Coorgs of Western India, have round heads. These distinctions undoubtedly represent different streams of immigration long ago, though there has been so much intermixture in the course of centuries that the different strands can now never be unravelled.

The anthropologist does not confine his interest in heads to this rather technical matter, for heads, especially when removed from bodies, play a considerable part in the customs of many groups of mankind. Before civilization was imposed on them 'head hunting' formed one of the chief interests

of several primitive peoples. The nearest neighbours of ours who had this engaging hobby were the Nagas of Assam. No Naga warrior was considered worth his salt till he had decapitated a few enemies and brought back their heads, and no Naga maiden would look at a prospective bridegroom till he could produce half a dozen or so trophies of this kind. Similar playful habits were indulged in by the Dyaks of Borneo and many of the peoples of New Guinea. When civilization came, one of the early tasks of the administrators was to make the young ladies look upon a few pairs of wild boars' tusks as equally good evidence of manly prowess.

There is evidence, however, that the heads were valued not only as trophies. By possessing an enemy's head the owner was thought to have power over his spirit, which became adopted into the slayer's tribe, and was supposed to bring fertility to the crops and success in hunting. The owners of heads would often fondle them and talk to them affectionately, and make offerings of food to them. In some cases the heads were kept in special 'head houses', and various ceremonies took place in connection with them.

In several parts of the world the heads of departed relatives were tenderly removed, and kept about the house for old time's sake. In some Australian tribes widows always carried their dead husbands' skulls round with them as souvenirs. One of the queerest customs connected with heads is that of the Jivaro, a jungle tribe in the interior of Ecuador in South America. By a secret process they shrink the heads of departed friends (and possibly enemies) until they become no larger than one's fist, and yet the features remain more or less recognisable. I have seen several of these Jivaro shrunk heads in ethnographical museums, and there is, or was, quite a trade in them as souvenirs to tourists in Ecuador. There is a story that a certain anthropologist made up his mind to discover the secret of the process, and, against the advice of his friends, set out on an expedition for the purpose into the interior. Weeks went by and he did not return, and at last his friends gave him up for lost and decided to go back to Europe. As their ship was about to sail, there came along one of the usual hawkers offering a Jivaro shrunk head for sale —and his friends recognised it as that of the too curious anthropologist.

Is there any moral to be drawn from these curious researches into the ways of uncivilized man? I did not set out with the intention of pointing a moral, but merely that of writing a short article because I was asked for one; but perhaps I may be allowed to add that a study of anthropology does make one realise how strangely and fearfully the human mind can work, and how tenuous a thing is our civilization, which we are so apt to take for granted. No great gulf of blood separates us from savage man, and it is only by real care and effort that we shall keep those higher values in our culture which our ancestors have won for us, and which in the terrible course of the world to-day we sometimes fear that we may lose.

T. G. P.

BOOK REVIEWS

An Autobiography. By R. G. COLLINGWOOD. Oxford University Press, 1939. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This book came to me recently by a happy chance; I had heard of it before—it was published in 1939 and it received some favourable notices. I knew something of the author through a few of his pupils who had spoken enthusiastically of him as a philosophy tutor, and also as the leading authority in England on Roman Britain. But why should he bother the world at large with his autobiography?

To this question Mr. Collingwood offers several answers which are justified in the course of the book. It is not autobiography in the common sense of the term; we are told something of his home, of his school, that he is married—at least, his wife is quoted as rebuking him for the contradiction between his philosophy and his life—but these are not the main interest. 'The autobiography of a man whose business is thinking should be the story of his thought', he says in the preface, and that is what we are offered. It comes with a peculiar urgency because the author realized in the period 1936 to 1938 that thought and action had been fused in a terrible new way, and that philosophy had failed men. The intimate inter-relation of thought and action had been an important part of the philosophy he had laboriously built up during twenty years and more of teaching; its practical moral had now come home to him in the desperate crisis of European civilization.

He was educated at home till he was thirteen; his father was an artist and something of a scholar. Latin was begun at four years of age, Greek at six. Lessons only lasted two or three hours a day and for the rest he was allowed to go where he would—among his father's books, developing a growing enthusiasm for science, helping his father in archaeological excavations and seeing something of art from the inside of an artist's house. At school he fell into revolt against the system, though he was successful enough; it was not the discipline or the games which irked him, but the deadness of the teaching. He had a genuine passion for knowledge which found its outlet in learning with avidity all the subjects which were not taught in school—Dante (in the original Italian), music both theory and practice, and foreign languages. Such a schoolboy only found his true environment in Oxford where he could work as hard as he liked (and no one to say him nay or to tell him when to go to bed), do a minimum of formal work like attending lectures and writing essays, and spend his vacations on practical archaeology. The result of this was a Fellowship at Pembroke College, followed by a University professorship, the symbols of a distinguished career as scholar and teacher in the fields of philosophy and history. It is perhaps worth remarking that an education of this kind would be impossible under our system which makes no concession to the idea that boys or students may cherish an adult passion for scholarship. Such prodigies may be so rare as to be neglected; education is for the mediocre.

The main sections of the book deal with the development of the author's philosophy, chiefly by way of reaction against the philosophical school in which he was taught, and by reflection on the methods and aims of archaeological research. Some of this is occupied with the acrimony of the Oxford schools, which must be almost meaningless to outsiders, though it is occasionally amusing. Of one philosophy tutor it is reported: 'if the archangel Gabriel told you what Mr. Joseph really thought about something, and you served it up to him in an essay, I'm perfectly sure that he would prove to you that it was wrong.' That corresponds to my own recollections of the celebrated Mr. H. W. B. Joseph. Of the tartness of one Oxford professor to a junior colleague (but a colleague, nevertheless): 'I will say one thing about you: you can see the obvious.' These recollections serve to coruscate the story of a long fight against an entrenched position, the 'realism' of Cook Wilson, Prichard and Joseph, an almost purely destructive philosophy which began by destroying (as it thought) the idealism of T. H. Green and his followers and ended by destroying philosophy itself. Against this Mr. Collingwood pitted his logic of question and answer, his ruminations while digging in Romano-British sites, his organic history of philosophy joined to his 'incapsulated' philosophy of history—and woke up in 1938 to find that he had been fighting Fascism all his academic life and that he had now to fight it in the world at large. An odd and unexpected conclusion to what seemed at first glance a vivacious account of life and thought in the home of lost causes.

It is not for me to comment on what are the technicalities over which philosophers engage in such earnest if seemingly futile combat. But two things stand out: Collingwood is also a historian who regards history and historical method as the master key to the discovery of a sound philosophy, to the reconstruction of a sane world. In addition, the chaos in which we dwell is the outcome not only of dangerous philosophies (or anti-philosophies, as they might better be called) among our enemies, but of similar developments among ourselves. The rot began when philosophers became so technical that no one could understand them except a few among themselves, and they contradicted each other; when in the interests of a highly abstruse metaphysic they shed all connection with the practicalities of morals, politics and economics; when they began to pride themselves on their uselessness. Time has taken its revenge, the wrath has come upon them and us—such was Mr. Collingwood's reading of the situation in 1938.

In India—at least in this part of India—can we find anything remotely resembling this situation? Here philosophy is despised—and dead, so they say—while the study of history is set upon the same path. How far this is the result of the teaching of a useless philosophy and a meaningless history is not for a teacher to judge; as teachers we can only point to economic circumstances and passing fashions in academic matters. Whatever the blame, what of the result? A generation is now being educated in our university which regards philosophy as completely useless and history as hardly less so—and that in a world in which men are submitting to the most vicious irrationalism and to criminal misinterpretations of history. What have we to put against that? Soon we shall have only educated men who

have been almost wholly nurtured on specialist natural sciences which can neither give a reasoned account of their place in the scheme of things, nor can they enlighten us on the historical situation in which we find ourselves. It matters little whether philosophy and history have committed suicide or been done to death ; it does matter that these studies (which Mr. Collingwood argues are not two, but one) have little or no place in our world of study. Will the wrath come upon us too ? Mr. Collingwood's autobiography, 'the story of his thought', is not so irrelevant to what we do here as we might think at first sight.

E. J. B.

Bombay Murder. BY S. K. CHETTUR. Pp. 243. G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras, 1941. Price not stated.

We have here quite an interesting novel from the pen of one of our Old Boys in the Indian Civil Service. In Part I we wade through a good deal of rather salacious stuff which describes the hero's manner of living. He has a straight nose, dark piercing eyes and an exquisite figure. When he is not fit and handsome he has clean-cut features or is faultlessly dressed. If this part does not depress or irritate the reader over-much, he begins to wonder whether members of the 'Upper Circle' lead such fatuous lives as Mr. Chettur describes. Then there is a double murder in Part II, and the story turns into a detective novel, with Ram Mohan to unravel the mystery. From this point onwards the author grips the reader's attention and retains it until the end, bespeaking fine writing and clever manipulation of the plot. For Mr. Chettur is (to borrow the expression he uses in describing his Hero and his Detective) no common or garden writer, and in his first novel he maintains the reputation he earned as the author of several excellent short stories.

The book seems to have been printed in a hurry. The covers are blank; the wrapper has a design which seems striking to the author, but strikes me as bizarre. It is disconcerting to find corrections in ink changing Sunday into Monday on p. 51 or into Friday on p. 70. Corrections, but not so material as these, have to be made on pp. 38, 40, 90 and in a few other places.

I look forward to another novel from Mr. Chettur in the same lively style and with more of his customary humour, but I hope it will not be on the seamy side of life.

A. F. T.

COLLEGE NOTES

The New Academic Year

When the College reopened for the new academic year, the number of students on the roll was 935, the largest number recorded for many years. The accepted policy is to keep the total much lower than this—round about 800—but there is also a desire to give the largest possible variety of courses, and this naturally tends to result in an increased enrolment. When places are available, and when qualified students apply in large numbers, it is hardly possible to give a negative reply, and an increased enrolment brings certain obvious advantages. Nevertheless, the policy of limiting numbers in the interests of efficiency will be adhered to, so far as circumstances permit.

The late Professor Barnes

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Barnes, at Yercaud, on the 31st of May, after a sharp attack of malaria complicated by other symptoms. An appreciation of his work and character will be found on another page, and here we would record the deep sympathy of all the staff and students of the College with Mrs. Barnes. Mrs. Barnes was herself in close touch with most of the work that her husband carried on so devotedly in the interests of the College, and in addition she herself contributed with unobtrusive generosity to our College life. Her work behind the scenes for the Dramatic Society was greatly valued, the Christian Union was heavily in her debt, and in more than one way the members of St. Thomas's Hall benefited by her connection with the Hall. It will perhaps not be very easy for Mrs. Barnes to cut herself off from Tambaram, but we hope she will be comforted by the consciousness that her pioneer work in the district around the College, and her unselfish service of the College itself, will be remembered with gratitude, and will continue to be of good effect.

Changes in Staff

There have been several notable changes in the staffing arrangements since the last issue of the magazine. The sudden death of Mr. Barnes led to a vacancy in the Chemistry Department which has been temporarily filled by the appointment of Mr. K. Vyasulu as lecturer. At the end of last year, Dr. Butler left us to take up an important appointment under the Christian Literature Society, Madras. He had been on the staff of the College for three years, and we are grateful for his work both as Professor of Philosophy, and, for a period, as Curator. He has our good wishes for success and happiness in his new task. The vacancy caused by Dr. Butler's departure has been in the meantime filled by the extension of Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari's temporary service. Another major gap in our ranks—though, happily, only a temporary one—was caused by the absence on sick-leave of Mr. Sabhesan. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably, and meanwhile the vacancy has been filled by the appointment of

Mr. K. Venkataraman. There has been the usual outgoing and incoming of temporary members of staff. Dr. George has been succeeded by Dr. Raghavan, Mr. Ganapathi's period of temporary service has come to an end, junior tutors have come and gone. To all who are departing we offer grateful thanks for work well done, and good wishes for the future, and to the new arrivals we extend a hearty, if somewhat belated, welcome.

University Examinations

Our results continue to be as good as ever. In the Intermediate examination our passes were 65 per cent and we had the same number of First Classes as last year (35). In no one part did the percentage of passes fall below 75. All the students who appeared under Part 2 in Telugu and Kannada passed the examination, and in Tamil the percentage was over 98. In the B.A. examination we did better in English than in 1940 and secured a Second Class. But the percentage of complete passes must improve. We had two First Classes under Part 2 and six First Classes under Part 3, the latter being won by the Mathematics and Physics groups. Every group did well but the last batch of students sent up by the college in Philosophy covered themselves with glory by complete success. More than 83 per cent of the candidates for the B.Sc. degree secured a pass, sharing five First Classes and twenty-six Second Classes among themselves. There were no failures among our candidates for the B.Sc. Hons. degree. In the B.A. Hons. examination we secured a First Class in Philosophy, and two First Classes in History and one in English at the M.A. examination.

University Prizes

The University has announced the following awards to our students on the basis of the March 1941 examinations:

A. Bennet, B.A. Hons. (The Jubilee Gold Medal, English).

G. Lakshminarayana, B.Sc. Hons. (The Caithness Medal, Zoology).

J. Samuel Raj, B.Sc. Hons. (The Caithness Prize, Zoology).

A. G. Henry, B.A. Hons. (The Samuel Satyanadhan Memorial Gold Medal, Philosophy).

P. N. Mohanadas, B.A. Hons. (The N. N. Airavatam Prize, History). Mohanadas was bracketed with three others. A few awards have yet to be made.

New Courses

Two new courses of study were offered this year. The Economics Honours Course was a much felt need and has made a good beginning. For the B.A. we have a new group (IV-C)—Politics and History, which is of timely interest. Philosophy (Group III) for the B.A. has closed down. This is a great pity but the course did not justify itself. The Philosophy Honours Course, however, is still offered, and students who desire to maintain the traditions of our college and country may utilise the advantages of this specialised study.

Reception to Graduates

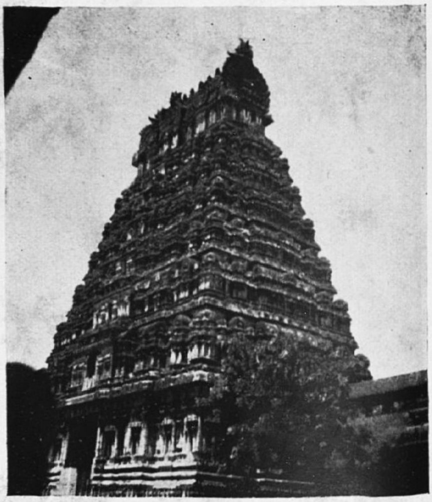
On Saturday August 16 the Professors of the College and the members of the College Day Committee were 'At Home' to the graduates of the year. After Tea a meeting was held in Selaiyur Hall theatre with the Principal in the chair. Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswami Chetty, who described himself as an exhibit but is, rather, a link with the spacious days of Dr. Miller, was on the platform. The graduates were addressed by Mr. Macnicol after which Mr. Sanjiva Kamath invited them to join the College Day Association. It is hoped that, in Mr. Boyd's phrase, they will lower the average age of the members of the Association. We hope also that they will become subscribers to the Magazine. After Dinner an Entertainment, for which Selaiyur Hall was largely responsible, was held in the Anderson Hall, and was much enjoyed.

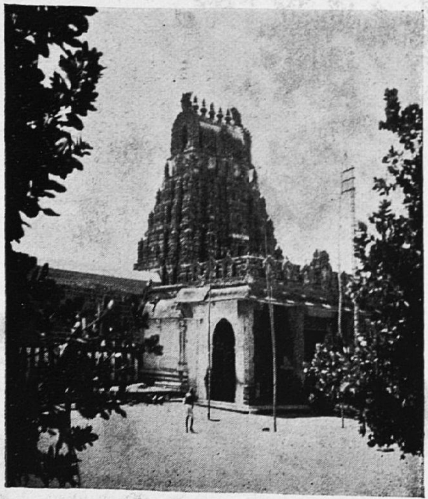
The Magazine Board

A new team takes charge of the Magazine with this issue and is constituted as follows :

Literary Editor : L. M. Turner, 5 Hons.
News Editor : R. S. Amritaraj, 4 Hons.
Class Editors : J. Matthan, (Honours Classes).
J. F. Stirling, (Class IV).
Y. Namazie, (Class III).
M. S. Venkataramani, (Class II).
M. Panchappa, (Class I).

To the Committee going out of office must be rendered our heart-felt thanks. Special mention must be made of Mr. Asirvadam who, as Editor, maintained the high standards of the Magazine. We need the co-operation of the students in our work, and we hope the pungent comments that our Literary Editor has made elsewhere will not deter even the veterans. We may assure contributors that their articles are eagerly read and carefully considered. May we request them to write on one side of the paper only and to leave a broad margin on the left? This is of great help to editor and printer.





TEMPLE VIEWS

SOCIETIES

Union Society

At the beginning of the term the place of Assistant Secretary had to be filled and Mr. S. Ambrose John, Hons. 4, Br. iii, was elected to the office.

An Inter-Collegiate Debate was broadcast on 15th July by All-India Radio, Madras, on the subject 'Daughters and Sons should share property alike'. We sent Messrs. Yusuf Namazie (of Selaiyur Hall) and Sivasubramania Pillai (of St. Thomas's Hall) to represent the College and we believe they succeeded in convincing the other side (Queen Mary's College) that the proposition was all wrong!

The activities of the Union Society seemed to many to start rather late but it is a fact that our inaugural meeting this year was held earlier (July 22nd) than last year. It was a splendid success. What with the heavy rains, the speaker not in time and the Principal cracking jokes at the expense of the Secretary, I take this opportunity of thanking the members of the Society for their wonderful co-operation. Dr. Shyam Prasad Mukerjee, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University, delivered the address on 'University Education in India'. Tracing the growth of academic education he made a fervent appeal to correlate the different sections of educational hierarchy in an organic whole embodying the spirit of Indian culture. The Principal, Rev. A. J. Boyd, presided and the meeting came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by the student-chairman.

The next meeting was held to mourn the death of the Rashtra Kavi, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, on August 8, at 10-30 a.m. The Principal presided and read two beautiful verses from *Gitanjali* and the condolence resolution moved by the student-chairman was passed, all standing in silence. The meeting recorded its sincere feelings of gratitude for the life-long services of the poet to national culture.

On August 11, the artist, poet and dramatist, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, gave us a talk on his reminiscences of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. 'Rabindranath did not make an epoch, he was an epoch by himself' —these words are still ringing clear in our ears. Mr. A. F. Thyagaraju presided and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

The office-bearers of the Union look forward to greater co-operation and invite suggestions to make the activities of the Union wider, livelier, more informative and interesting.

T. C. A. Srinivasa Varadan,

Secretary

students who were able to avail themselves of this opportunity, are conducting Study Circles every Sunday on six subjects, viz. 'Christianity and Communism', 'Christianity and Hinduism', 'Science and Religion', 'Christianity and Ethics', 'Private and Corporate Worship', and 'What is the Gospel?'. These groups have been modified with a view to make them centres of disciplined study rather than times of rambling ill-thought-out discussions.

The usual social work, in collaboration with the College Brotherhood and the College Rural Service League, was continued with much enthusiasm. We had to do without the lead of Mrs. Barnes this year in our Sunday School work, but we were fortunate in getting Mrs. Martin to help us to continue the work in the three centres. A new feature of this aspect of our work is the initiation of evangelical work done by small groups once a week.

At the Provincial Camp held in Red Hills from the 7th–10th August, the Union was represented by 24 delegates.

Among activities still pending for the term are two Student Services in local Churches, a Terminal Prayer Meeting and the Sunday School Terminal Day.

We also expect a visit from the General Secretary of the S. C. M. of India, Burma and Ceylon, the Rev. A. Ralla Ram, at the end of August, and we are sure it will be a fresh stimulus to our activities.

ALBERT H. SARGUNAR,
General Secretary.

Literary Society

A General Body Meeting of the Intermediate Literary and Debating Society was held on 30th July 1941 in Room No. 18, with the Rev. J. R. Macphail in the chair. The following office-bearers were elected for the year 1941–42:—*President:* Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A.; *Secretary:* Mr. M. Narasimha Rao; *Asst. Secretary:* Mr. G. C. Ramasubbu.

A debate was held on Wednesday the 13th August in Room No. 11. Mr. G. C. Martin presided on the occasion. The subject for discussion was 'Democracy or Dictatorship, which is the better form of Government for India at the present moment?' Mr. T. C. Krishnan opened the debate in favour of Democracy and Mr. C. G. Ramasubbu opposed him, and there was a lively discussion.

M. NARASIMHA RAO,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

The Sangham resumed its activities quite enthusiastically this academic year. The Telugu-speaking students assembled at a General Body Meeting in Room No. 11 on 3rd July, with Sri. P. R. P. Francis in the chair. We have several new faces this year in the Sangham, and the president extended a hearty welcome to the new members explaining the history and functions of the Sangham. The Secretary then read and explained the constitution of the Sangham. Towards the close of the meeting Mr. S. Subbarayudu was

elected Asst. Secretary unanimously. The following are the class representatives :—

Class I.	Mr. C. G. Ramasubbu	
„ II.	„ K. S. Raghavendra Rao	
„ III.	„ B. C. Obul Reddy	
„ IV.	„ M. Venkata Subbiah	
B.Sc. and B.Sc. Hons.	„ S. V. Satyavantha Rao	
P.G. and B.A. Hons.	„ G. Jagathpathi.	

The inaugural address of the Sangham was delivered by Sri Thapi Dharma Rao Naidu, Editor of *Kagada*, on the 15th July in the Bishop Heber Hall Theatre. Sri Challa Jagannatham, Editor of the *Andhra Patrika*, presided. The chairman, in his introductory speech, deprecated the present-day practice of the Telugus, particularly young men, who carried on correspondence and conversation in the English language, and this he added, should as far as possible be avoided. Sri Dharma Rao, in his address, traced the growth of the Telugu language and said that they had ceased to be Telugus as their language had lost its real colour both in the literature and in the daily usage on account of the admixture of a very large Sanskrit element. He strongly protested against this admixture, and pointed out that Telugu was sufficiently resourceful to stand on its own legs. The Chairman then remarked that the influence of Sanskrit was greater on Telugu than on any other Dravidian language and that the sweetness of Telugu was due to the enormous influence that Sanskrit exerted on it.

The next meeting was held on the 12th of August, in the St. Thomas's Hall Theatre, when Sri Devulapalle Krishnasastri, a renowned poet, spoke on 'Telugu Kavitvam'. Sri T. Sivasankarasastri presided. This meeting gave several members an inspiration in 'Kavitvam'.

We hold debates in Telugu every Tuesday, with the object of developing the art of fluent and resourceful speaking in good Telugu. We had two such debates already, and the members are keenly interested in them.

We intend to publish our Telugu Supplement to the College Magazine in December. It is hoped that the members would come back from the vacation with their rich contributions to the magazine.

BUNYAN HOSEA,
Secretary.

Hindi Premi Mandal

The increase in the number of students this year is encouraging ; much more so is the introduction of the Rashtra Bhasha class. There are as many as six students in this class. But for a College of our standing and strength the number of students learning Hindi is terribly depressing. Therefore it is not out of place here to make this, though rather belated, appeal to the students and staff to join us in learning a language, which whether good or bad, useful or useless, is at least easy to learn.

K. B. NANDHI,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

The first meeting of the Sangham was held on the 8th July when Sri J. P. Poovaiah of Class IV was elected Secretary for the year 1941–42. The President, Sri K. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T., explained the activities of the Sangham.

The inaugural meeting for the year was held on the 25th July. The meeting was very well attended. On the occasion Mr. G. P. Sardesai delivered the inaugural address and Sri Raghavendra Acharya, B.SC. (Hons.) occupied the presidential chair. Mr. Sardesai spoke on 'Kannada: the past, present and future'. He traced the origin of the Kannada people from the earliest times and sketched its development with references to the history of Hindu India. His well-thought-out lecture, meant for a cultured audience, was commended by one and all. Mr. Acharya in his presidential address described the eminence of Kannada and its people in the field of art and literature. Concluding, he wished the Sangham great success.

J. P. POOVAIAH,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The following were elected as office-bearers at the first General Body Meeting held on 9th July 1941, Mr. Titus Verghese presiding.

President	Mr. K. M. George, M.A.
Secretary	Mr. M. C. Poduval (Elected last year)
Assistant Secretary	Mr. K. O. Isaac.

Class Representatives:

Class I	Mr. Thomas Abraham.
Class II	Mr. P. J. Oomman.
Class III	Mr. M. Pappy.
Class IV	Mr. K. M. Verghese.
B.Sc. III	Mr. Abraham Verghese.
B.Sc. IV	Mr. Karunakaran Nayar.
Hons. Class III	Mr. Abraham Joseph.
Lady Representatives	Miss. V. G. Thaddaeus. Miss M. P. Chacko.

On Monday the 4th August 1941, the inaugural meeting of the Association was conducted under the presidentship of Rev. Fr. Koshy, when Dr. C. R. Krishna Pillay delivered the inaugural address on 'The present condition of the Malayalam Language'.

We hope to celebrate the Onam Day which falls on September 3rd in the usual grand manner. We believe, we will be in a position to convene a couple or more of meetings before the end of this term.

M. C. PODUVAL,
Secretary.

Sanskrit Association

A meeting of the lovers of Sanskrit was held in Room 11 of the Arts Block at 1-40 p.m. on 10th July with Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao in the chair. C. N. Subramanian of Class II, i-b, was chosen Secretary and the following were elected class representatives :

I Class	...	Ramanlal Parekh, J.
II ,,	...	Ramasubramanian, A.
III ,,	...	Sreenivasan, E. D.
IV ,,	...	Subramanian, R. V.
B.Sc. Classes :		Ramachandra Rao, U. N. Chakravarthi, R.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on 18th July by Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy of the Pachayyappa's College, with Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan in the chair. After tea, the meeting began at 5-30 p.m. Our Pandit, Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, welcomed the guests of the evening and then the lecture followed. The lecture was on 'Sanskrit, the language of sweetness and light'. There was a large, distinguished gathering from the College and outside. The lecturer made a good defence against the usual criticism that Sanskrit was a dead language when he said that Sanskrit was not only the language of India but of the whole world and it contains the cream of a civilization, viz. Hindu Civilization, which survives still in spite of heavy onslaughts from all quarters.

Mr. K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Advocate, who accompanied the lecturer, demonstrated the sweetness of the language by reciting some Sanskrit slokas. Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan, in his concluding remarks, exhorted the students to take a lively interest in the study of our ancient language.

Another meeting was held on 21st August, when Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, M.A., Ph.D., gave a highly thought-provoking and interesting speech on 'Forest life in Ancient India', Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao presiding. His description of forest life was very graphic. He congratulated the College on its being situated in a beautiful site which could easily remind one of the old Gurukula system of our ancestors. With one more meeting this term, the activities of our Association will come to a close.

C. N. SUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangham

We began this year's work with the election, and the following office-bearers were elected for the year :—

Patrons : Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A.
Sri S. D. Sargunar, B.A.

Joint Presidents : Sri T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.
Sri P. Alalasundaram, M.A.

Student-Chairman : Sri T. Durairaj, (iv. B.A., ; 4 b.)

Secretary : Sri M. S. D. Aranganathan.

Class representatives :—

Sri. K. S. Mani, Class III. B.A.
,, K. V. Sankaran } Class II.
,, S. P. Pandurangam } Class II.
,, T. M. Jambulingam } Class I.
,, R. M. Solayan } Class I.

The inaugural address of the Sangham was delivered on Friday the 25th of July by Sri T. P. Meenatshisundaram Pillai, M.A., B.L., M.O.L., the subject being ' Modern Times ', in Selaiyur Hall Theatre. T. Dorairaj, the student-chairman, presided. The speaker during his eloquent speech stressed the need for a better government, criticising the various drawbacks of the present Government. The meeting came to an end with the chairman's concluding remarks and a vote of thanks to the speaker by the Secretary.

On the 11th of August another meeting was held and a condolence resolution was passed on the sad demise of Gurudev Tagore. A debate was held on 14th August '41, at 4-45 p.m. in Room 11 of the Arts block. The proposition, ' Industrialisation is indispensable for the economic amelioration of India ', was moved by Mr. V. A. Sivaraju and supported by Mr. S. Sundararaman. It was opposed by Mr. E. V. Somasundaram and by Mr. A. P. Loganathan. After a very good discussion, the proposition was put to the vote and was lost.

M. S. D. ARANGANATHAN,
Secretary.

Mathematics Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. S. Meenakshisundaram, M.A., D.SC., on the 21st of July. The subject of the address was ' Mathematics and Knowledge '. The speaker gave us an illuminating lecture on the relation of Mathematics to the various spheres of human knowledge.

We are sorry we were not able to hold more meetings this term. We hope to have more meetings next term.

T. V. RANGARAJAN,
Secretary.

Physical Science Association

The Association met for the first time on Friday the 25th July 1941, when Dr. P. Rama Rao, D.M.R., Radiologist, Madras, delivered the inaugural address. For the benefit of the students Dr. Rama Rao read an interesting paper on ' The applications of X-rays in Industry, Medicine and Science '.

On Tuesday the 5th August 1941 Mr. J. K. Murthy, M.A., Principal, V.S.R's Radio Institute, Thyagarayanagar, gave a very lively lecture on ' Wireless in War and Peace ',

As per our present arrangements we intend having another lecture on Thursday the 21st August 1941. Dr. S. Paramasivam, M.A., D.SC., Curator of Madras Museum, has kindly consented to speak on 'Chemistry in the service of the fine arts'.

We are very glad to note that all the lectures were well attended.

C. AMBASANKARAN,
Secretary.

Philosophical Association

Since the anniversary of the Association took place after the College Magazine was given to the press, we could not report it. Hence a word about it. We conducted our anniversary meeting in Selaiyur Hall on Tuesday 25th February when Dr. J. F. Butler presided. The anniversary address was delivered by Miss George, M.A., lecturer in Philosophy, Women's Christian College.

Miss George spoke on 'Digging for Truth': The speaker believed in atrophy by dis-use and urged that students should use the research capacity innate in them. She pointed out the defect of the modern system of education which gives the student ready-made, digested stuff by way of notes and said that it does not allow the research capacity to develop. It is by original digging after truth that we develop this, though guidance of professors in the matter is needed. She referred to the many philosophers of the West, and made a general survey of their earnest search after truth, and how hard they did their 'digging'. She metaphorically called research 'digging' for it helps to unearth the unapparent by a strenuous effort. The learned professor and lecturers in Philosophy of the Pachayyappa's College as well as some of the lecturers from our own College were also present at the meeting.

At the beginning of the academic year we were put to the necessity of electing a president for the Union since the former president Dr. Butler, left us rather abruptly and unexpectedly. We will remember with gratefulness, the service he has rendered to our association last academic year.

As late as July 17, the General Body of the Association met to elect a president. Mr. S. Parthasarathy, the head of the department, was elected president of the Union.

Sri P. N. Srinivasasastri, M.A., retired Principal of Pachayyappa's College, delivered the inaugural address at 5 p.m. on Tuesday the 29th July in Room No. 11. He was the chief guest at our social which we conducted at 4-30 p.m. in Bishop Heber Hall. Our social was an occasion for philosophers to show that after all philosophers are not long-faced silent Jacqueses. There was much camaraderie at the party, and our sister philosophers from Pachayyappa's College were not silent. Dr. Mahadevan and Mr. Nagaraja Rao of the Pachayappa's College, as well as the inter-collegiate students of that college were among our guests at the social. Mr. Srinivasasastri spoke on the Inter-relation of the Indian Philosophical systems. He dealt with

the topic generally. He said that though each school is independent, they represent one face of Philosophy each and together form a complete system. The speaker pointed out the inter-relation that exists between the Pachayyappa's and Christian Colleges in inter-collegiate work, and also said he was glad that more women students had come in to study Philosophy. He said that the Sankhya Yoga systems constituted psychology, Nyaya Vaiseshika logic and metaphysics, and Mimansa ethics; while Vedanta was a comprehensive system spiritual in essence, including and comprehending all the other systems.

We have taken two members this year from the Intermediate Classes, P. V. Varadachari from Class II and Rev. T. J. Abraham from Class I, being logic students.

A meeting was held in the Anderson Hall, and Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Professor of Philosophy in Pachayyappa's College, spoke on 'Yoga'. During the course of his speech he described the philosophy underlying Yoga and expounded the art of yogic practice. He said that it can be practised by students and that it helps one to have concentration and nervous strength followed by secular as well as general success. Dr. Mahadevan observed that it is being practised by the Christian mystic, the Islamic sufi and the Hindu in some form or other. Then Mr. K. Bhagyanathan, B.A., Student-Chairman of the College Union, demonstrated the different Asānās on the stage.

A meeting was held at the St. Thomas's Hall Theatre, and Rev. T. G. Platten, M.A., Professor of Physics, spoke on 'The limitation of the physical Sciences'. He pointed out the scope of the different physical sciences and showed how limited a sphere of reality was dealt with by them. The learned professor pointed out that there was much more in reality which cannot be surveyed by the physical sciences and that task is undertaken by philosophy and religion. Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A., presiding over the occasion added his comments on the speech supporting the need for speculation and thought as used in poetry and philosophy.

We welcome the two women members who have joined the Association forsaking the study of economics, to be true seekers after reality and knowledge.

DEACON K. P. PAUL,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

At a meeting of the Society held at the close of the last academic year, the following office-bearers were elected for the current year.

Presidents
Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan.
" M. S. Sabhesan.

Secretary
Mr. P. Kesava Menon.

Treasurer
Mr. Sivasubramania Pillai.

Joint Secretaries
Mr. K. N. Kumarakrishnan.
" K. Karunakaran.

The following class representatives were elected this year :—

Class I	...	Mr. Rama Rau.
Class II	...	,, Mammen Mapillai.
B.Sc. III	...	,, Achuthan Nair.
Hons. B.Sc.	...	,, M. Unny.

The inaugural address of the Society was delivered by Dr. Aiyappan, on 5th August 1941. He gave us a very interesting lecture on 'Variations in Man'.

P. KESAVA MENON,
Secretary.

History and Economics Association

The first meeting of the Association was fixed to be held on Friday 1st August, when Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar, the Advocate-General, kindly agreed to deliver the inaugural address. But unfortunately his indisposition prevented him from speaking to us. We hope to have him in the near future for our Association and are very eager to hear him speak on the lively and illuminating subject 'The Unity of India'.

Professor K. V. Rangaswamy Aiyangar of Benares University has kindly consented to inaugurate our meeting on Monday 18th August, the subject being 'What Freedom Matters' and with one more meeting this term our activities will come to a close.

K. S. AHMED PASHA,
Secretary.

English Honours Association

Two business meetings took place for the election of the Committee for this year. One was early this term and the other on August 6: The following constitute the Committee for this year :—

President: Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A.
Vice-President: Mr. Ninan Abraham (Hons. 5).
Secretary: Mr. K. George (Hons. 4).
Lady Representative: Miss McLean (Hons. 5).
Class Representatives :—
Hons. 5. Mr. V. K. Kurien.
Hons. 4. Mr. K. Srinivasan.
Hons. 3. Mr. Santwan.
P. G. Representative.—Mr. Rabindranath Talwar.

We had our inaugural meeting on August 6, at 4-15 p.m. G. C. Martin, Esq., M.A., presided, while Mr. A. L. Krishnan, M.A., Professor of English, the Loyola College, spoke on 'Poetry and the interpretation of life'—a poetic and philosophic subject. Mr. Krishnan eminently proved to be the *persona grata* of his audience and he wielded the subject with a flair presenting before us the spirit of English Poetry from the beginning to the present.

We intend to have a number of meetings this term. The scheme of Inter-Collegiate Debates will of course be continued this year.

I feel great joy to record here the fortunes of our senior friends in the last University Examination. Mr. S. P. Appasamy has towered solitarily above the rest, coming out first in the language papers and thus winning the University prize. Messrs. B. Albert, M. Raghava Menon and Miss Chacko have distinguished themselves by securing second classes. We wish them all success in life.

It is a great pleasure to us to have Mr. Martin back again in our midst this year. We are very glad that his presence will bring gusto to our literary recreations this year, as we have already seen in our inaugural meeting.

KURUVILLA GEORGE,
Secretary.

Painters' Club

The Painters' Club which has been going on for the past three years, has this year varied its activities, so that it might be better to describe it as a fine art club.

The coming to the College of a student, Abraham Joseph, who studied in the arts school in Bombay, has given great impetus to the activities of the Club, and he has been elected Secretary and has been conducting a class in cartooning.

We hope too that K. Varugis, who exhibited such a nice plaster model of a fellow-student's head last term, will show the others of us how he does it.

The Club has been meeting each Saturday morning, after ten o'clock, and finds that in some ways more convenient than meetings in the late daylight hours on a college working day.

ABRAHAM JOSEPH,
Secretary.

Radio Club

The inaugural meeting of the Club was held on Monday, 18th August under the presidency of Mr. M. A. Thangaraj. Professor Sheshadri of the Presidency College spoke on 'An Introduction to the principles of wireless'. He presented the subject in a very lucid manner so that even a layman could understand most of what he said. He explained in detail the physical principles involved in the transmission and reception of radio waves.

T. N. LAKSHMINARAYANAN,
Secretary.

Rural Service League

We started off this term with an introductory meeting in each hall with a view to explaining our aim and work and recruiting members. As a consequence we have four groups again this year—one each at Selaiyur, Heber,

Hogg Villa and St. Thomas's, with an average of 30–40 members in each group. Each group is in charge of the same village and cheri as last year—Selaiyur Hall working in Selaiyur village and cheri, St. Thomas's in Irambaliyur village and cheri, Hogg Villa in Mappedu village and cheri, and Heber in Thiruvenjeri village and cheri. Once again, every member of the league gives up one evening for village work, visiting the village or cheri from 4-30 to 6-30 p.m., so that every village and cheri is visited by 4 or 5 students every day, who on their return make a written report to their Group Secretary. Each group meets once a week or fortnight and discusses the consolidated report presented by the Secretary.

The cottage industry for hand-pound rice has now been firmly established. We have erected 6 'Athams' so that one cart of 500 measures of paddy is now pounded into rice in a day and half. All the three halls are now using hand-pound rice. We have paid out Rs. 350 in wages for the 4 months we have been working, employing 8–10 men and 10–12 women. In one year we shall have supplied Rs. 6,000 worth of hand-pound rice, paying out Rs. 800 in wages during the 7 months of its working—that being the agricultural slack season.

Poultry-farming has just been begun. Under the efficient care and direction of Hogg Villa, we are distributing eggs of the leghorn variety in the villages. We bought 3 leghorn hens from Martandam and one from Katpadi. Every four days we give a dozen eggs to one of the villagers usually in return for a dozen ordinary eggs.

During the summer, we sent one of our members, who was finishing college, to Martandam for training in rural work and to Tirupattur in medical work. Mr. C. J. Samuel, who was sent by us is now back and he is seeing to the proper distribution of the eggs and advice and care regarding the chickens etc.

In all villages Youth Leagues have been functioning well. Selaiyur Hall got Youth Leagues going again in the village and cheri. As a result the attendance at the day-school has increased. At an entertainment held in the village school, we distributed books, slates, etc. to the poor students. A reading room has been opened by the Youth League for which they are buying their own Tamil papers. We send them our papers and journals after use. Out of the reading there is developing a night school for the English-speaking and Tamil-speaking young people. A well-stocked medicine chest has been built and is in great demand in both the village and the cheri. The Youth League in the cheri is meeting regularly and we give them weekly lectures.

Heber Hall has made considerable progress in Thiruvenjeri this year. In the school we had a meeting early in the term and distributed books to poor and and deserving students. The construction of the well in the cheri has been begun and the Government is now completing it. The Youth League has just put up a very nice and roomy thatched hut for its meeting place, night school and reading room.

Hogg Villa has rebuilt its youth league shed and regular night school classes have been started. Their medical work has been very effective. The greater part of their time is taken up with poultry farming of which they are in charge.

St. Thomas's Hall is helping to run a night school at Irambaliyur. In the village and cheri they spend a lot of time teaching the villagers to play games, keep healthy and clean, etc. They are organising the cheri people to petition the Collector for a well. There is a demand for a Youth League in the cheri.

Out of the Economics and History Honours students, a group of 16 students have been chosen to work on rural investigation. They have been formed into 4 groups of 4 each and with a detailed syllabus drawn up by the Economics department they have started a detailed survey of Mappedu. It is hoped to publish a small pamphlet at the end of this year when this investigation ends on Mappedu. Students of Economics find this laboratory work useful.

We are working a budget of Rs. 600 this year—the chief items being Mr. Samuel's allowance, expenses of the poultry farm, books, games furniture for night schools, etc. Of this we are raising Rs. 300 by monthly subscriptions from students and staff and Rs. 300 from a concert organised this term.

Our object is simple. To take advantage of the opportunity offered by the situation of our college in a rural area, to get to know first hand the inhabitants and conditions of the villages around us. That is one of the tasks we are called to as students here in Tambaram. May we fulfil it worthily!

Secretaries
V. A. Sivaraju, Hogg Villa.
E. V. Somasundaram, St. Thomas's.
S. Srinivasan, Heber.
K. N. Raj, Selaiyur.

Our new hockey ground is being used now for all our matches. It may be recalled that last year one of our fields was returfed and set apart for match play. Now, we have a beautiful hockey ground almost fully turfed and practically dead level.

This year we are running a 2nd XI also. In fact, they are so good that the 1st XI are forced to admit that they are almost as good as themselves! Several matches have been played by the 2nd XI and they have won all of them except one. Sometimes they even challenge the first elevens of other colleges although one or two such teams felt highly insulted for such impudence!

Basketball

Our basketball team this year is much stronger than last year. There are some new players who are really very good But, in spite of all this, the team has not done very well in the various matches it has played so far. We have again entered for the tournament conducted by the Loyola College which will be run off towards the end of August.

Volleyball

For the first time, the Collegiate Association is running a Volleyball League this year. We have on our team some crack players but we have not yet developed into a crack team, which is a different thing altogether. Of the five matches played so far, we have lost three. The match with the Medical College is worth mentioning because it was a most thrilling game played by two strong teams. The second game especially was a hard-fought duel and both the teams called game-ball many times. The Medicals finally won this game, the score being 20–18, which is quite unusual in a game of volleyball. However, we won the match in the end winning the last game and having already won the first. It was a matter of great surprise to all who witnessed that match to understand how we lost some of our other matches with teams which are admittedly very much weaker than the Medicals. However, there are some six more matches to play and the League Championship is not entirely out of our reach.

Boxing

For want of a full-time coach it was not possible to start boxing early this year. But we are now able to go ahead with a proper programme as we have been able to secure the services of Mr. B. Purushotham, winner of several Championships. It is hoped that a large number of students will take to boxing this year. Special attention will be given to beginners; so, even if one has not boxed so far he will be able to pick it up and to develop into a good boxer in course of time.

Tennis

Owing to the increased cost of balls it was found necessary to increase the rate of subscription again this year—to Rs. 5 a term. Still, compared to what is prevailing in other places this new rate is by no means high. In fact, even now, it is much lower than what is charged in most other places.

The number of tennis players is slightly less this year and, therefore, we are running one court less this year. But it may be added, provision has now been made for the women students this year. One court has been set apart exclusively for them.

Judged by Inter-Collegiate standards our tennis has been having a rather lean time for some years. This year is no exception. In both Singles and Doubles we were eliminated from the Inter-Collegiate Championships even in the first round although it may be mentioned that our men had the bad luck to be pitted against the reigning champions in their very first match.

C.A.A.

Football

To fill in the places of the veterans who left us, a vigorous search had been made by means of practice games and it is consoling to observe the new recruits faring well in their encounters. The clever, painstaking, all-Madras player Ramamurthy, ex-Captain of the College team, has been replaced by Paul Aseer Lawrie as the right-inner. Thomas, the 'director' and the key-forward, so to speak of last year, is replaced by Eapen. Ramunni Nair takes up the position of George Manickkam, the indispensable left-inner of last year. Two extremes were necessary to fill in for the dependable and fast wingers P. J. Thomas and Eapen. George easily gets in as the right extreme but the left-out has not yet been decided. The new set of forwards seem to improve in every match combining and finishing well. Santiago is the only change in the defence line, instead of Nanjappa. It is pleasing to note the half-backs functioning admirably as one, feeding the forwards well and cutting in half the work of the full-backs, who are quite sound. Raghunath, the custodian in place of John, is having a nice season so far, exhibiting as fine anticipation and judgment as his predecessor. On the whole we seem to be a happy lot showing excellent team spirit.

We opened the season promisingly scoring a run-away victory over the Teachers' College whom we beat by 7 goals to nothing. In our next encounter with the School of Indian Medicine, who were comprised of individually reputed players, we defeated them by 4 goals to 1. In this match there was perfect understanding between the forwards. We met Law College in the next match, the strongest team we have met with so far in the League, and scored a creditable victory by 4 goals to 2. The defence was too good for the visiting forwards who found it very difficult to break through. The next match with Loyola proved an easy one and they were beaten by 5 goals to nothing. A bright feature of the match was the excellent goal-keeping by Raghunath. Previous to this there was a friendly match with the same team and they were beaten then also by a similar margin.

The whole team seems to improve by every match by leaps and bounds and I don't find any reason why, if we go at this rate, we should not be League Champions for the third year in succession and keep up the prestige of the College. In concluding, I wish my comrades a bright and successful season this year.

K. I. EAPEN,
Captain.

Tennis Club

Most of us were greatly disappointed when we heard that Mr. L. N. Subramaniam was not to be the President of the Tennis Club this year Mr. Subramaniam has ever been a great tower of strength and inspiration to us. And I take this opportunity of recording our gratitude to him for his invaluable services to the Tennis Club. It is with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Chakravarthi as the new President. Mr. Chakravarthi, though he has not ever represented the College in Tennis Tournaments, (it is rumoured that Mr. L. N. Subramaniam once represented the College) is a very good tennis player.

There was as usual a great rush for membership—but, not as great as last year. A special feature of this year is the allotment of a court to the women students. We hope that the women players will put up a high standard of game and take part in Mixed-Doubles Tournaments in the College.

The Inter-Collegiate tournaments are coming off in the third week of August and it is our earnest hope that our players will bring credit to the College.

M. Babu Peter,
Secretary.

The Amphibian Rugby Football Club

The end of the last academic year was made memorable by the foundation of the Amphibian Rugby Football Club. A great interest was at first evinced by numerous members of Selaiyur Hall which has been maintained more or less unimpaired despite some unfortunate accidents. However, we 'wound up' in a blaze of glory by playing an Exhibition match and by holding a social.

This year the Club is carrying on its activities with undiminished vigour. But, *miserabile dictu*, owing to the lack of rain and the bomb-proof hardness of the ground not many games have been played so far. The President and Committee of the Amphibian Rugby Football Club are desirous of stimulating interest in this the noblest and most virile of all games. We, therefore, call for volunteers from amongst those people who consider themselves 'toughs' and who do not mind being knocked about a bit. If you have not got a very good idea of what the game is like, come and watch us slithering and sliming, scrumming and tackling on the cactus-covered plains of Selaiyur Lake.

Fifteen men on one man's chest,
Yo, ho, ho and a Rugby Scrum,
Shove like the devil and curse all the rest,
Yo, ho, ho, and a Rugby Scrum.

S. Palat,
President.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

There has been an astonishing influx of new arrivals to Heber Hall this year. Those few who have survived the *ancien regime* look mournfully about them and remark with Sir Bedivere 'New faces, other minds!'—though one fears that the former predominate. In spite of these changes, life in Heber continues on its former placid tenor (not to be confused with our other placid tenors, such as Mr. Hensman Jun.!). Receptions and meetings are held, debates are arranged and Entertainment Secretaries resign with monotonous regularity. One resignation has already been received this term, and it is too much to hope that there will not be others before the year is done. Artistic temperament is dangerous stuff to handle, and woe unto him who attempts it without having taken a correspondence course in *hari-kiri*.

The question of dhobies has always been one of prime importance in academic circles. The problem has received considerable thought from the Warden and the Committee this term, and they feel that they have now brought some sort of order into chaos (interpret according to taste!). The Laundries, with their aura of mystery, their transience, their infinite variety, have inspired the Hall to many noble works of poetry and drama. A tragedy in one Act entitled 'Nebuchadnezzar Goondo, or the Student and the Dhobi', was presented at the Reception to non-residents, and moved many to tears. The chief feature of this occasion was not so much the entertainment as the absence of non-residents. This, however, is nothing unusual. When some bold youth suggested that provision be made, at the tea, for non-residents, there was a collective raising of eyebrows. The idea of non-residents appearing at a non-residents' Reception is ludicrous and, furthermore, financially unthinkable.

Another gala event was the Reception to Graduates. The dinner on this occasion was an out-door affair, and a sudden downpour of rain was slightly inconvenient. But though rain-water figured rather prominently on the menu, the main thing on such occasions is not the viands but the conversation and this was unaffected by the elements.

Looking at Heber Hall, few would believe that war hovers on the frontiers of India. Only the library, with its deserted tables, shows signs of international strife. Occasionally one sees a student from the History department reading *The Listener* and *The Spectator* for colourful details of the pre-war civilization, but such visitors are few. The Committee has ordered American magazines to fill the breach, but even these will take months in transit. One fears that, owing to the lack of good literature, students will take to reading the College Magazine.

J. F. Stirling,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

A terminal report of the Hall which is submitted before the completion of mid-term must necessarily be incomplete and indifferent. But the period through which we have passed admits of some comment.

The first few days afforded plenty of humour to caricaturists who observed pleasant faces tortured by melancholia and home sickness. But very soon the strangeness wore off and it was agreeable to notice the touchiness disappear also, under the glare of lime-light.

As for the old croonies, they tried very hard to impress upon the new-comers their claims to respect as seniors and in this they were helped by the Hall politics which captured the centre of interest for some time.

Along with it, that notorious practice of 'ducking', which has found a place in the scheme of life here, burst forth with all its accustomed violence and antics on two or three of the wet evenings that we had. Certainly, it was received with absolute distaste by some, and, 'unbelievers' though they were, they became quite convinced, thereafter, of Darwin's wisdom. However, that 'vile contagion' has done one good in breaking down 'class' distinction and effecting the mingling of students from post-graduates to post-matrics in common enjoyment.

Turning to the more recognized of the social activities of the Hall, I must say our social to non-residents was reported to be up to the usual standard. Indeed, we are assured by competent observers that our entertainment on that occasion was exceptionally good and that Selaiyur has set the lead, as always in these matters, though one critic has pointed out the flaws and blemishes in it in our Bulletin.

Our first General Body meeting held recently adopted with an overwhelming majority the resolution to conduct the wash service on a co-operative basis. It also empowered the Hall Committee to co-opt a non-resident representative to serve on the Committee.

The report would not be complete if I fail to mention the resuscitation of the two clubs, the 'Selaiyur Foresters' and the 'Amphibian Rugby'. They are both doing good work by way of offering new recreations and both are finding ever-increasing patronage. They typically represent the spirit of Selaiyur—active, energetic, full of vigour and life.

J. Francis,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

We were very businesslike this year and settled down very quickly after the long vacation. The peculiar charm and generosity of St. Thomas's soon drove away the strangeness and home-sickness from the new-comers and in a very short time we were the jolliest fellows in Tambaram. After the initiatory ducking, we met for the first time and elected the 'Students' Representative Council'. The members who hold the various portfolios for the current year are:—

Mr. K. O. Cheru	...	*General Secretary*
„ R. R. Benjamin	...	*Secretary for Entertainments*
„ Sivasubramania Pillai	...	„ „ *Debating Society*
„ S. S. Krishna Rao	...	„ „ *Library and Reading room*
„ K. O. Issac	...	„ „ *Indoor games*
„ C. M. Poulose	...	„ „ *Outdoor games*

Having set our house in order we invited our non-resident brethren for tea on the 9th July. As in everything, St. Thomas's Hall struck out a new path for herself in getting to know our city comrades. We organized an elaborate scheme of games and while some were displaying their military talents under the eminent generalship of Dr. Joshua, others were fighting for biscuits with our warden. Still others were straining their lungs in an effort to burst a celluloid ball or racking their brain and brawn to put together the shattered parts of an old motor car for a badly shaken traveller. This is all a mystery but out of it blossoms the rightly famous spirit of St. Thomas's. For many it was a day whose memory they will carry to their graves.

Our 'Entertainment' came off on the night of 2nd August and it has been universally admitted that our banner is still aloft. We have kept up the great traditions of this Hall and before the end of this year St. Thomas's hopes to add another glorious chapter to 'Tambaram Entertainments.'

The inaugural address of our Hall Debating Society was given by Mr. A. D. V. Reddi, M.A., Bar-at-law, on the 6th August, the subject being 'Scale of Value'. The hall magazine this year has been reborn as 'Usha' under the editorship of Mr. Mulki Gurunandan. Articles were called for and our members responded spontaneously—so spontaneously I'm afraid that the editor's waste-paper-basket was filled up. We have already had two issues in a month's time and their exceptionally high standard is mainly due to the untiring efforts of our editor.

The gaiety and jollity of our Hall is of course only symptomatic of the joy born out of a conscientious satisfaction of doing our duty as students. We are told that the Principal intends to declare war on us for our failure to contribute liberally to the 'Cowper Fund'. While quite willing to accept the challenge we would like to warn him of the inevitable result of the unequal struggle!

Thus never backward in studies and ever forward in extra-curricular activities we march on and on.

K. O. CHERU,
General Secretary.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

First Term—1941

June	29	...	The Principal.
July	6	...	Mr. G. C. Martin.
	13	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
	20	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
	27	...	Rev. T. G. Platten.
Aug.	3	...	Rev. B. Clutterbuck.
	10	...	Mr. A. F. Thyagaraju.
	17	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble.
	24	...	Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah.
	31	...	Deacon K. C. Joseph.
Sept.	7	...	Rev. Paul Ramaseshan.

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